OUR VERSION OF "MOONRAKER"

A SLAP AT "ROCKY II"

SERGIO ARAGONES

AL JAFFEE

DON MARTIN

...AND THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS ARE ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF...

No. 213 March '80

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NUMBER 213 MARCH 1980

MAD

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—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription in U.S.A.: 16 issues $12.00. Outside U.S.A.: 16 issues $13.00. Entire contents copyright © 1980 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address changes to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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Yep, we're running out to lunch now! There's just enough time to let you know that full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—are still available! They'll always be available! No matter what little catchy "lead line" we come up with! Just mail in 35¢ for 1, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

THEY LAUGH WHEN THEY SIT DOWN TO PLAY

Your magazine is definitely the preferred reading material as my piano students wait until it's their turn for a lesson. More than one returns to the couch after the lesson, to finish reading it before calling their Moms to come pick them up. I feel good about having it there for them to read. It's probably the most thought-provoking and truly intelligent reading material that most of them get to see all month.

Mary Ann Stewart
Anchorage, Alaska

MAD OVERRATED-UNDERRATED BOOK

I thought "The MAD Overrated-Underrated Book" was underrated because it only went two pages!

Kathy Sherman
Mason, Ohio

Fay Wray is overrated, Jessica Lange is underrated. Steve Martin is overrated, Rodney Dangerfield is underrated. Margot Kidder is overrated, Michelle J. Caprara is underrated!

Michelle J. Caprara
Detroit, Michigan

On reporting National and International problems and commenting on them, *Time Magazine* is overrated, *MAD Magazine* is underrated.

Casey Hermanson
Rapid City, S.D.

MAD is overrated, its readers are underrated!

David O'Brien
Oakland, N.J.

A MAD LOOK AT DOORS

"A MAD Look At Doors" was just "door-ling"!

Jill Kramer
Woodstock, N.Y.

"A MAD Look At Doors" was an open and shut case.

Brian Smith
Carney's Point, N.J.

THE MAD AD-MAN'S SAMPLER

Henry Clark's "The MAD Ad-Man's Sampler" is a letter-perfect article!

Chris Eglinski
Avon Lake, Ohio

YELLOW PAGES THROUGH HISTORY

GReatly ENjoyed TOm KOch's "THe PAleolithic TElephone COmpany's YEllow PAges." HE IS To BE COmmended FOr HIs USe OF EXchange NAmes. OUr TElephone SErvice HAs BEen VEry DUll SInce THe DIsappearance OF SUch GReats AS: PLaza, MUrray HIll, LOcust, FIllmore, MUtual, PIlgrim, TRinity, ANd OF COurse THat ALl TIme CLassic FRom PHiladelphia: PEnnypacker! LOoking FOrward TO MOre YEllow PAges THrough HIstory ARticles.

Angus McIntyre
Vancouver, B.C.

WHEN WOMEN TAKE OVER MOVIES

I enjoyed "When Women Take Over Movies Completely." It's about time someone realized that we're tired of seeing films like *Annie Hall, Coming Home, Turning Point,* and shows like *Angie, One Day At A Time,* and *Laverne & Shirley.* But I really get sick when they make Miss Piggy a star for simply being a female chauvinist pig!

Jim Miller
Sarnia, Ont.
Canada

MAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN FOR A MORE EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT

"MAD's Ingenious Plan For A More Efficient Government," along with dozens of related articles from past issues, proves that you guys are more qualified to run for public office than the clowns who are already there. Hint, hint.

Paul Absi
Fitchburg, Mass.

SIBLING MISERY IS . . .

I just finished reading "Sibling Misery Is..." and I'd like to add an instance. How about when you try out for the Little League team and your little brother makes it instead?!

Scott Chankin
Cherry Hill, N.J.

CHiMPs

Lou Silverstone seems to be the only MAD writer who actually watches the TV shows he satirizes. In his funny "CHiMPs" he really captures the flavor and the dialogue of the characters. Mort Drucker does the same with his characters, so how come you clods never team the two of them up?

John Rasch
Pittsfield, Mass.

I went "ape" over Torres's and Silverstone's "CHiMPs". MAD is what makes the world go 'round!

Vern Panei
Butler, Pa.

MARGINAL DOUBLE-VISION

Hey, what happened, guys? You *repeated* four "Marginals" in your December issue. I wouldn't mind, but Sergio Aragones's "Marginals" are the first things I look for every time. Don't don't make make any any silly silly mistakes mistakes like like that that again again!

Craig Shelley
Reseda, Calif.

Sometimes I read MAD instead of watching TV. But today I got 4 re-runs in one issue! Please check out your "Drawn-Out Dramas" on Pages 6 & 18, 7 & 19, 12 & 33, 10 & 22. And I thought that reading was an alternative to TV!

Charles Field
Plantation, Fla.

You're disappointed?! Imagine how "MAD" Sergio Aragones is about the goof! We're making it up in this issue, however, with four additional marginals.—Ed.

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William M. Gaines, Publisher.

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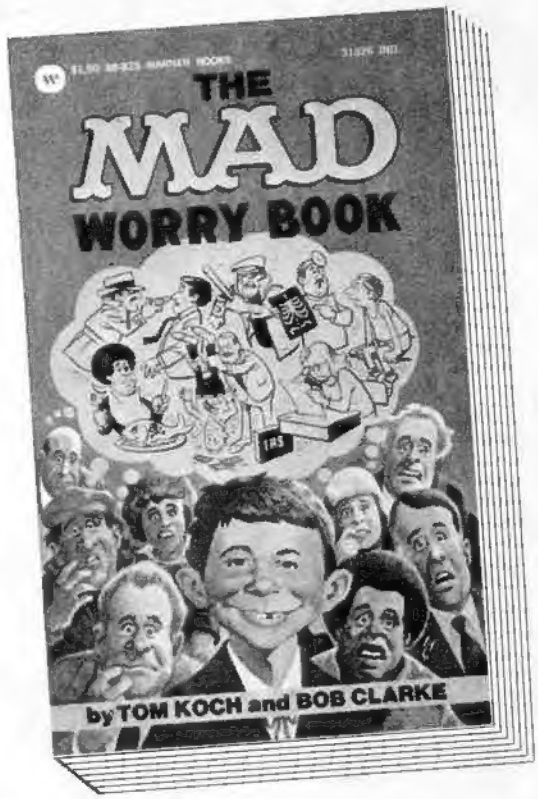

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AND THE BOND PLAYS ON AND ON DEPT.

007 $M

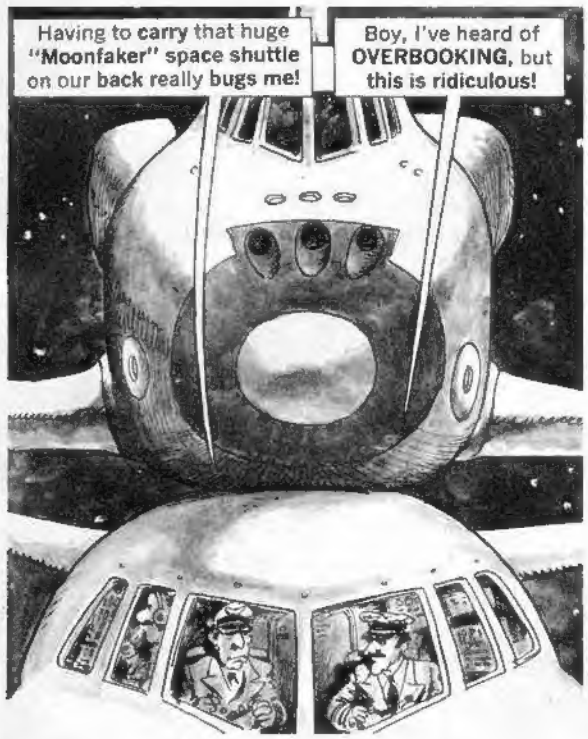
When Ian Fleming created his "James Bond" character, he gave "007" a license to kill. And when Mr. Fleming signed the rights to his character over to the Producers of what would become a rash of "James Bond" movies, he also gave them a license to kill, mainly his character! Because any resemblance to the movies made using their titles is purely coincidental (and nauseating)! However, you cannot argue with success. Everyone of them including this latest "007" epic is a

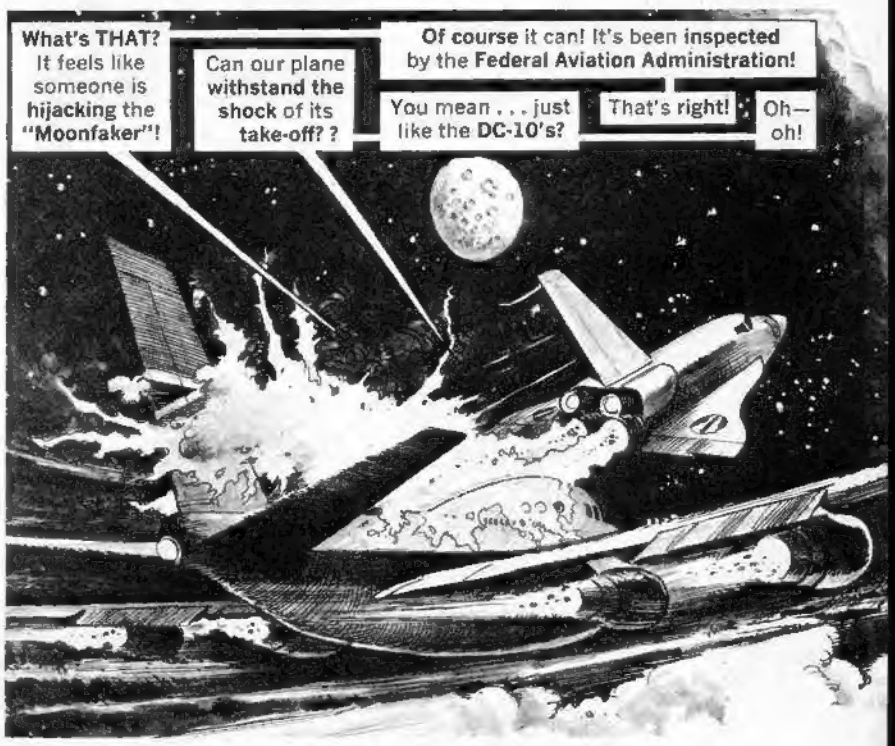
Why does James Bomb MAKE LOVE all the time?
It's because of his mission to find the PERFECT WOMAN!
And what's HIS idea of the PERFECT WOMAN?
One who's PRETTIER than he is!
My God! Look at those choppers!
I understand he takes very good care of those terrible-looking teeth!
Really? How?
He brushes after every meal with Brillo Pads!
There's no one who can defeat James Bomb!
Not so! There IS someone Bomb can't defend himself against!
Oh . . . ? Who's that?
Father Time!
Hi! My name is SEAN! Speak up, please! I'm old!
LASER GUNS
SONAR
EJECTOR SEAT
QUADROPHONIC SOUND
RADAR
This is my latest invention! This car has an ejector seat, laser guns, radar, sonar—it can go underwater, fly over land and—most important—has a quadrophonic sound system!
Why is a sound system so important?
So you can listen to the music while you're waiting in line for 3 hours to get GAS for this fantastic car!
What are you doing? ! You're killing characters from ANOTHER MOVIE! The audience will think this is "STAR WARS II"!
Hah! ! We should BE so lucky!

ONEYRAKER

ARTIST:
HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: STAN HART


Having to carry that huge "Moonfaker" space shuttle on our back really bugs me!
Boy, I've heard of OVERBOOKING, but this is ridiculous!

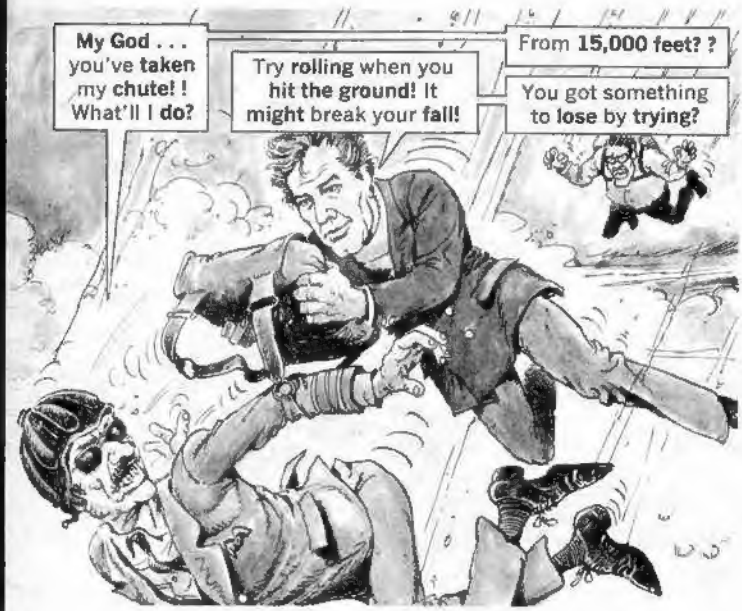

What's THAT? It feels like someone is hijacking the "Moonfaker"!
Can our plane withstand the shock of its take-off??
Of course it can! It's been inspected by the Federal Aviation Administration!
You mean . . . just like the DC-10's?
That's right!
Oh—oh!

It's so confusing, making love to you in an airplane, James!
Oh? And why is that . . . ?
Because I never know if it's the air turbulence, or your remote, foolish, slightly girlish GRIN that turns my stomach!
Okay, Mr. Bomb. . . prepare to die! Step out that door!
Excellent, Gentlemen! A rather effective way to bring me back down to Earth!

But I have no parachute! !
You'll make better time without one! !

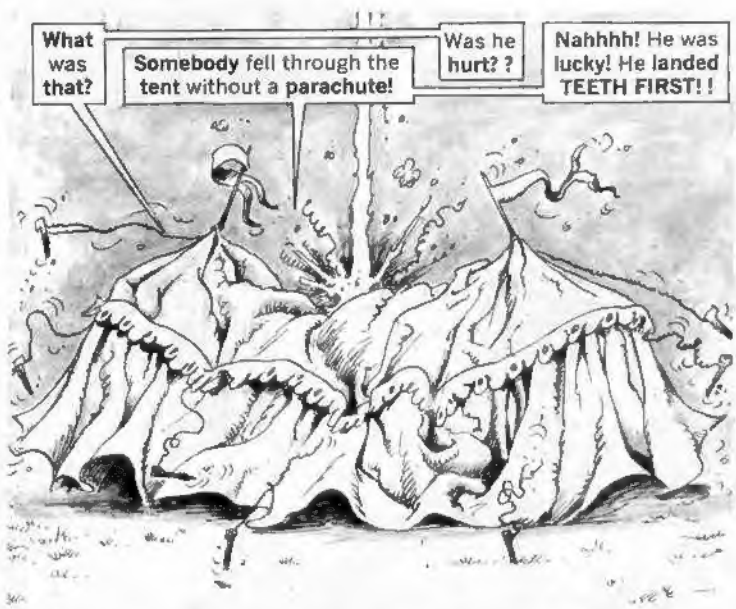
I better catch that guy ahead of me, or this is going to be the shortest, most expensive film ever made! !

Kill! Kill! KILL!
Why do you hate James Bomb so much?
He looks exactly like my Orthodontist!


My God . . . you've taken my chute! ! What'll I do?
Try rolling when you hit the ground! It might break your fall!
From 15,000 feet? ?
You got something to lose by trying?

Well, well! My old adversary, Gnaws! Chewed on any good tin foil lately? ?
I've never seen that species of bird around here before! Aren't they strange . . . ?
And their mating habits are even stranger! I hope they don't nest in the neighborhood!

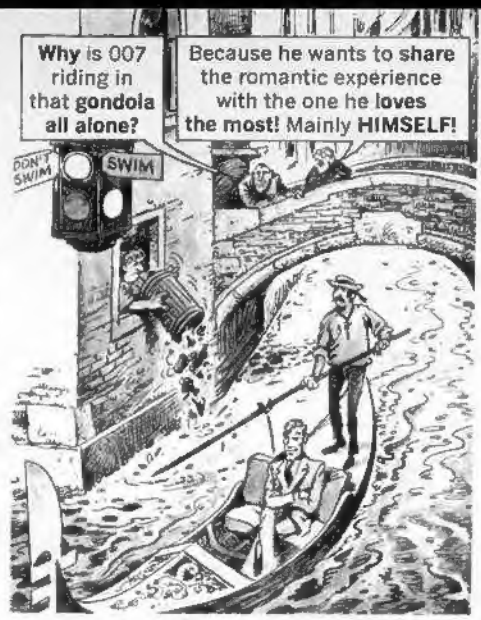
So THIS is why they call it a "Rip Cord"!
RIP-PPP!


What was that?
Somebody fell through the tent without a parachute!
Was he hurt? ?
Nahhhh! He was lucky! He landed TEETH FIRST! !

ALOHA

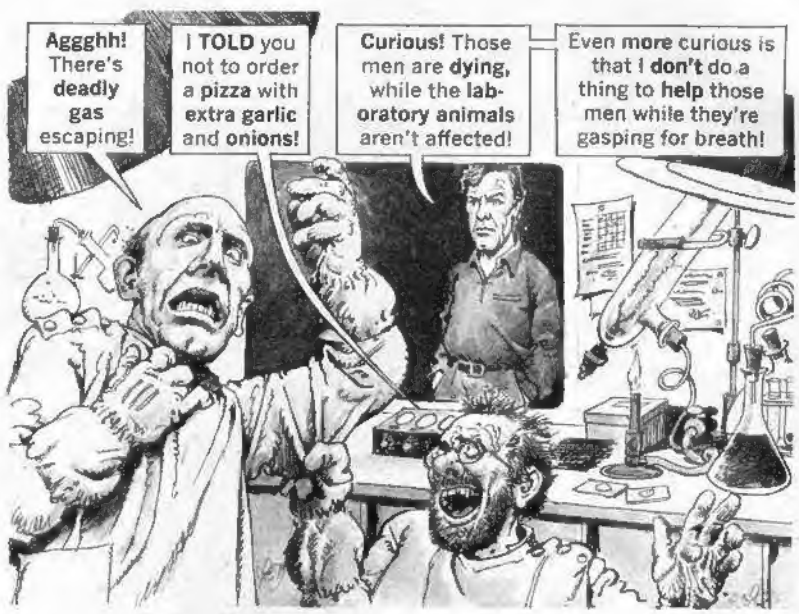
GAS
Ah, Mr. Bomb! Welcome to my humble home! I imagine you have come to apologize for losing my "Moonfaker"!
Yes . . . I have! My Government is sorry! But . . . you surprise me, Mr. Dreks!
Oh . . . ? Why . . . ?
You have all of the most modern technology, and yet in some ways you are VERY OLD-FASHIONED!
In what way . . . ? ?
In this day and age, who would think of using that old, tired cliché of the sinister oriental!
Kill James Bomb! !
Why me . . . ? ?
Because I'm TOO OLD to invent new clichés! !
Er . . . I'm looking for Mr. Dreks's Chief Scientist, Doctor Goodtush!
I'M Dr. Goodtush! Don't look so surprised! I am an Astronomer, an Astrophysicist, a Space Physician and an Astronaut! In short . . . there is NOTHING that I want to do that I CAN'T do!
It's good you never wanted to ACT! It would end your streak! !
I imagine you KNOW what THIS is for . . . ?
WRONG . . . ! !
It's the Centrifugal Force Vehicle! It's used to simulate weightlessness!
CONTROL ROOM
. . . It makes Cotton Candy! We're the biggest manufacturer of Cotton Candy on the West Coast! !
All very well . . . but I think this thing is out of control! If it doesn't slow down, I'm afraid that something terrible might happen!
You're afraid that it might KILL you? ! ?
WORSE! ! It might MUSS MY HAIR! !
Say . . . YOU'RE not Dr. Goodtush! !
No, I'm a STAND-IN for Dr. Goodtush! She couldn't do this NEARLY as well as I!
Oh? What makes you say that?
Because . . . making love with you takes REAL ACTING ABILITY! !

So you gave Mr. Bomb the combination to my safe! You must pay for that! SIC HER! !
Why are you doing this? ! ?
My dogs need their roughage! !
Stop, Doggies! Stop! I'm smoothage! I'm smoothage!


Why is 007 riding in that gondola all alone?
Because he wants to share the romantic experience with the one he loves the most! Mainly HIMSELF!
DON'T SWIM
SWIM

Say your prayers, Mr. Bomb! You're finished!
You're surrounded! There's NO WAY OUT! !
Guess again, crafty evil-doers!

If only Teddy Kennedy had something like this at Chappaquiddick, he'd be President by now!


Aggghh! There's deadly gas escaping!
I TOLD you not to order a pizza with extra garlic and onions!
Curious! Those men are dying, while the lab-oratory animals aren't affected!
Even more curious is that I don't do a thing to help those men while they're gasping for breath!

Expecting someone, Dr. Greattush? ?
The name is Dr. GOODtush!
Take it from me! I can see the light shining through your nightie! I asked if you were expecting someone, Doctor . . . ?
No one! We scientists ALL dress in skimpy, revealing nightgowns!
But not ALL scientists LOOK the way you do! ! F'rinstance, have you ever seen Linus Pauling in HIS nightgown? Not much to get worked up about there, I mean! !

I think you are working for the CIA!
How can you tell! ?
Because, as of this moment, you've screwed up EVERYTHING!

I tell you, there was a laboratory here last night!
Nonsense! Mr Bomb is having hallucinations!
Mr Dreks, please accept our apology for Mr. Bomb's obviously unfounded suspicions! Come along, James . . !
Just answer two things, Dreks! Where'd you get a girl to clean so thoroughly? ? And can she give me Thursdays? ?
I see you've been waiting for me! Would you like to slip into some thing more comfortable?
Yes, a different movie!
I didn't mean that! I meant we've known each other for a fun ten seconds and we haven't made love yet! Why? ?
I'm not that kind of girl! I never put out until after the first minute— or until I know you better, whichever comes first!
SAMBA
PONT SAMBA
CABANA
We must sneak into Dreks's warehouse and see what's going on! That's why —for Mardi Gras I'm dressed so inconspicuously!
What disguise ?.
Don't worry! Your disguise is perfect!
Just being yourself! The OTHER plaster heads can't change their expressions EITHER!
Ah, my old friend, Gnaws! Let me tell you, old pal, that's one terrible disguise . . ! !
What makes you say that?
Believe me, ol' chap!
Stop pushing!
Carnival! Carnival!
Bye, Gnawsie! Don't bite on any metal nickels! !
Why are we stopping, James? ?
Gnaws just bit through the steel cable . ! !
Why'd he do that?
He was using it as DENTAL FLOSS!
First, I'LL jump! Then, YOU jump! ! I'll be all right when you land on top of me! I won't feel a thing! !
How come . . . ? ?
Because I didn't feel anything the FIRST time you jumped on me!
I didn't JUMP on you! I was making LOVE to you! !
NOW he tells me! !

Wow! ! You're beautiful!
Will you marry me?
So are you! !
Sure thing!
And we'll have a family! I can see you now . . . coming home with a set of trains for the baby!
Yeah, so he can CHEW on them! !
Why are we here?
To advance the film's plot?
For one very good reason!
No, to defray some of the film's cost!
How do we do that?
By giving plugs to companies who pay through the nose for them!
Hah! And audiences think they can get away from the rank commercialism of television by going to the movies! !
7-UP!
SEIKO... choice of the professionals.
British Airways
BAND-AID
You think I'm going to go over the falls and perish?
Watch this!
You know, Chief . . I think it would be a lot smarter if we hired GNAWS instead of JAMES BOMB!
Why do you say that?
Because Gnaws is INDESTRUCTIBLE and doesn't need all those expensive gimmicks we give Bomb! We'd save a FORTUNE! !
I see Mr. Bomb is deeply affected by all this!
Oh? How can you tell?
He's raising an eyebrow!
Wow! Who said Doger Mooored can't show different emotions?
Unfortunately, he raises an eyebrow for EVERY emotion!
I hijacked my own "Moonfaker" because I needed it to complete my bold plan!
What bold plan . . ?
To change the Existing Order! To alter it beyond recognition and completely control the world!
You're too late, Dreks! It's already been done!
What? ? By whom? !
By the OPEC Nations!
See those pretty young couples? They are The New Order! They are being sent up to breed the New Master Race!
They may be pretty, but they're also very dumb!
What do you mean?
I just made FIFTY BUCKS selling them cocktails . . . and headsets for the "In-Flight Movie"!

Doesn't this give you a disoriented kind of feeling, James?
Like being trapped in a cancelled TV series called "Battlestar Galactica"!
Like what? ?
This is their "Radar Jamming Section"! This is why no one on Earth knows about Dreks's Space Station! With this section operating, the Station makes absolutely no impression on our tracking devices!
I'm beginning to feel this picture is having the same effect on our movie audience!
This is amazing! I never thought we could do it!
Destroy even more expensive props than in the LAST James Bomb picture! !
Do WHAT . . . ? ?
U.S. MARINES
And now, Mr. Bomb I shall have one pleasure left! The pleasure of killing you . . AGGGGHHH!
Sorry, old man! It's too bad you couldn't have been better!
As a Scientist . . . ? ?
No, as a Character! If you had been, we could have used you in a sequel . . like we did with Gnaws!
Do you believe what's happening . . . ? ! ? Since Gnaws found love, he's changed completely! Now, we can be FRIENDS!
If you don't stop to think about all the people he has viciously killed in two Bond movies!
Boy . . . you sure do get a lot of mileage out of holding petty grudges, don't you? ! ?
Ladies and gentlemen, this is an historic first! The leaders of the world's great nations are here, watching—along with you—the first live pick-up from a returning space shuttle!
WASHINGTON
LONDON
MOSCOW
0900
1400
1700
Good Lord, James! Stop doing that! Don't you realize that the world leaders are watching? ! ? Why, it's shocking! !
What's so shocking? We're only doing what the world leaders have been doing to all of us for years! !

IT SHAKES A THIEF DEPT.

WHY GO TO THE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE AND BOTHER OF INSTALLING ALARMS OR OTHER

SURE-FIRE BURGLAR DET

SHARPSHOOTER

★ MEMBER ★

NATIONAL GUN-LOVERS ASSN.

KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL KILL

Dear Thief:-

We spent $100 on our stereo set, and $800 on our burglar alarm! The guy next door spent $800 on his stereo set, and $100 on his burglar alarm!

P.S. The guy across the street doesn't even have a burglar alarm!

THE HEAT IS OFF!! THERE'S NO HOT WATER! THE PHONE IS OUT!! THE BASEMENT IS FLOODED!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE NEXT ★:%&$ TO SET FOOT IN THIS HOUSE!

NOTICE

SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS HOUSE HAVE BEEN ENGRAVED WITH FEDERAL IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. OTHERS HAVE MERELY BEEN WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED! SO LOTS OF LUCK!

Dear Mailman,

We found bloodstains all over our mail. They must be yours. Next time you put the mail into our slot, please be sure to keep all parts of your body well clear of the opening.

The Lipkins

P.S. Any sign of that book we sent for: "The Care And Feeding Of Wild Jungle Cats"?

RESIDENCE OF MADAM OLGA

THE WITCH WHOSE BLACK POWERS CAN KILL WITH A MERE THOUGHT

FORMS OF SECURITY SYSTEMS TO DISCOURAGE THEFTS WHEN ALL YOU NEED ARE MAD'S

ERRENTS FOR THE WARY HOME OR APARTMENT DWELLER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

DEAR MR. EXTERMINATOR:

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN YOU GO INSIDE! THE TERMITES HAVE EATEN THROUGH MOST OF THE FLOORBOARDS, AND YOU WILL FALL INTO THE BASEMENT WHERE ALL THE RATS ARE!

THE GLUMBACHERS —

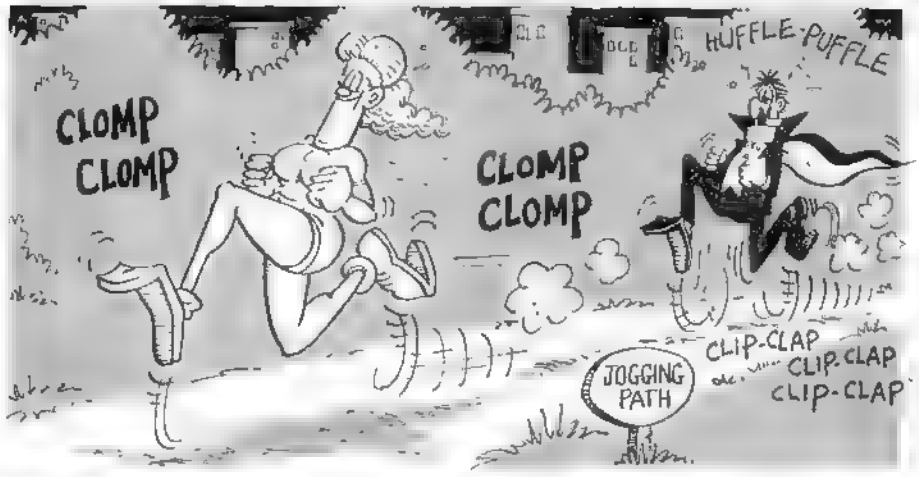
Lobel Butchers:
Starting tomorrow, please leave Eight pounds of Meat for Brutus. Six pounds only makes him Angry and Vicious!

Mr. & Mrs. Angel

Selma —
Don't come in! The Boa Constrictor got loose again —
Stan

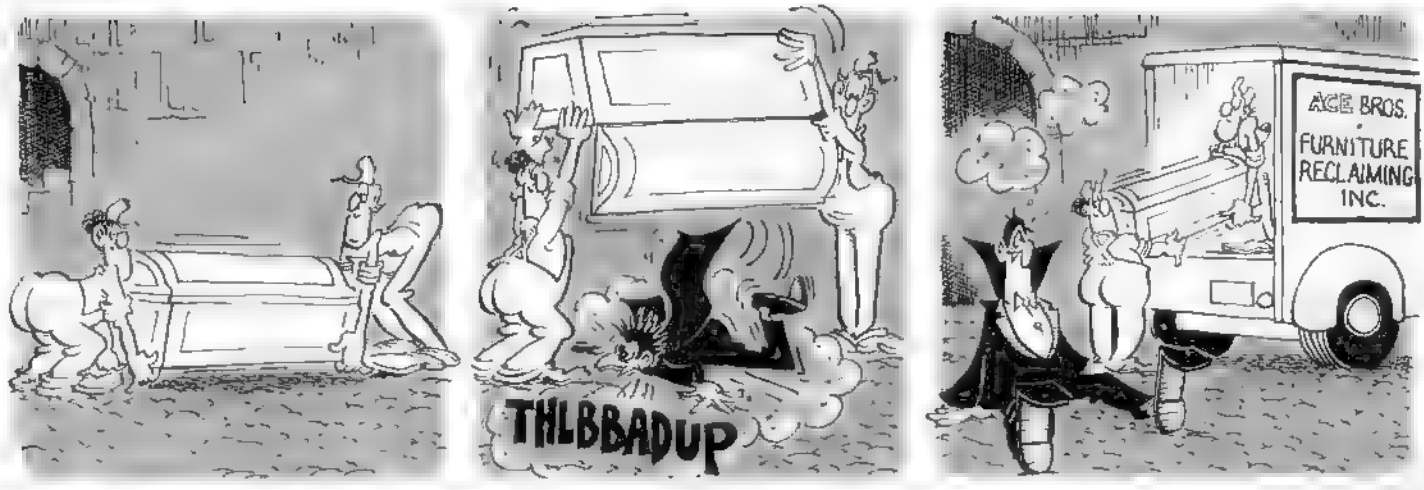
A COUNT RECEIVABLE DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...



RACULA

SKAZEECH
SKAZOOCH
SKAZEECH
SKAZOOCH
the GREAT ZAMBINI
the GREAT ZAMBINI


THLBBADUP
AGE BROS.
FURNITURE
RECLAIMING
INC.

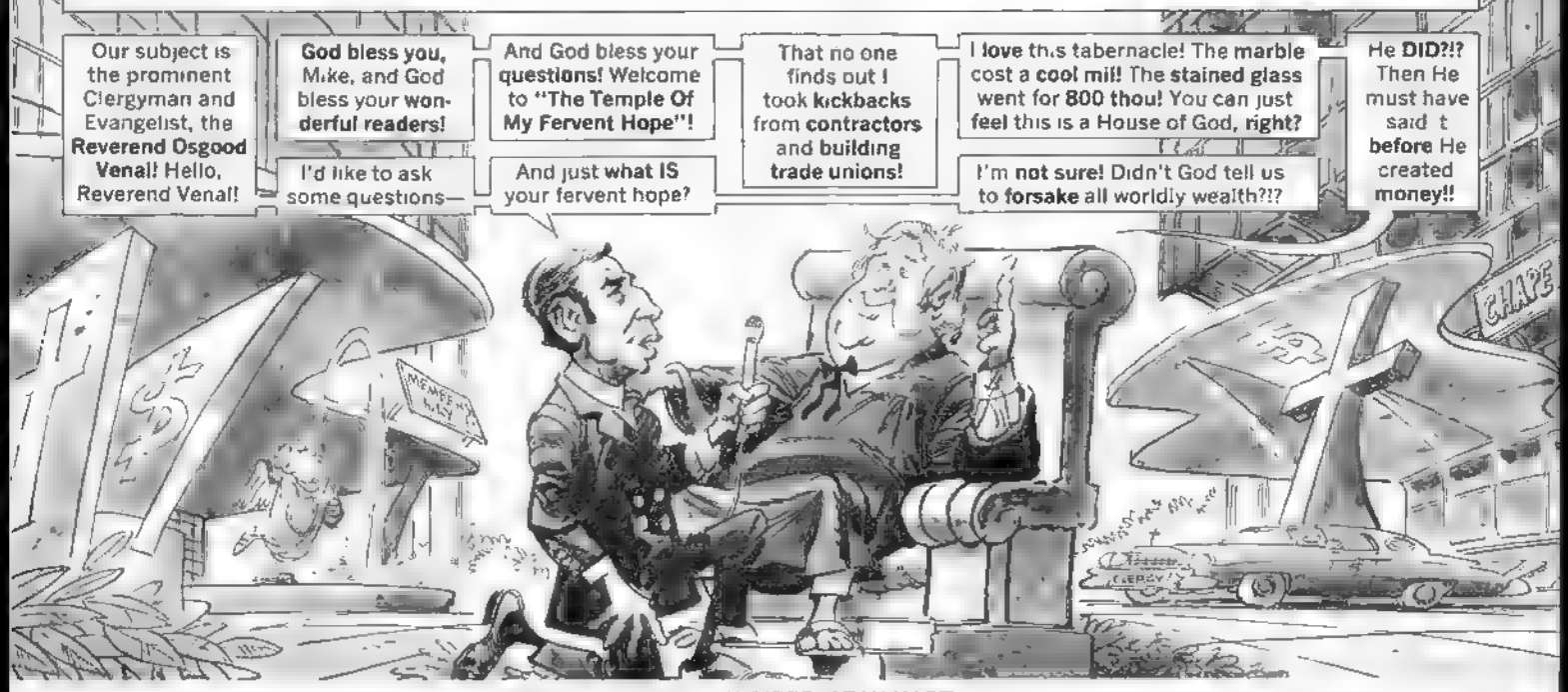
FLIFFLAFF
FLAFFLIFF

It WORKED!!
GING GING
Yuk Yuk
PEANUTS
YAWN
Z
KLOINK
WAP WAP WAP WAP
Aw, shoot! ! He was s eeping on his belly! !
D. MARTIN

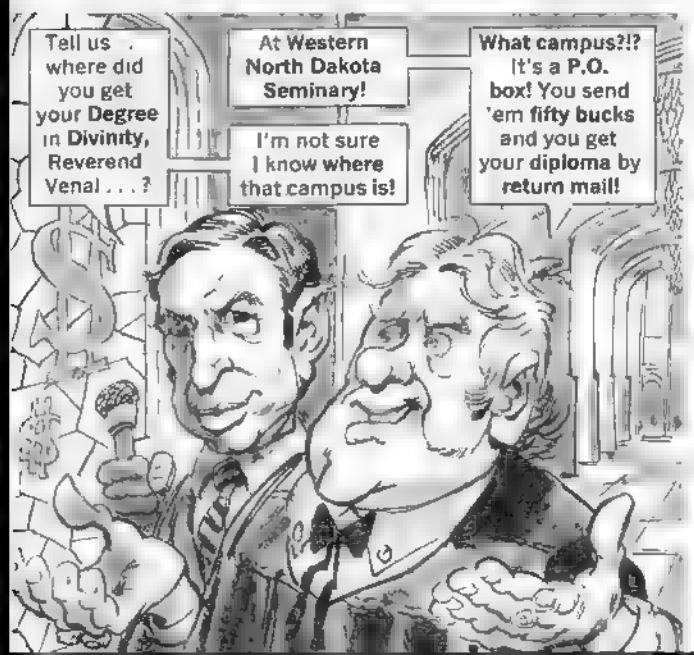
GODSELL DEPT.

If you've ever watched TV on a **Sunday morning,** you **know** what you get . . . **NOT "Tom and Jerry"** or **"The Flintstones!"** No, you get **religious programs!** And not only the **regular** religious programs, but also the **"hucksters of religion,"** who are the **hardest-sell** people around! Hi, I'm **Mike Malice,** and today we're going to **explore** this interesting aspect of the **"Religious Revival" in the United States** as we interview

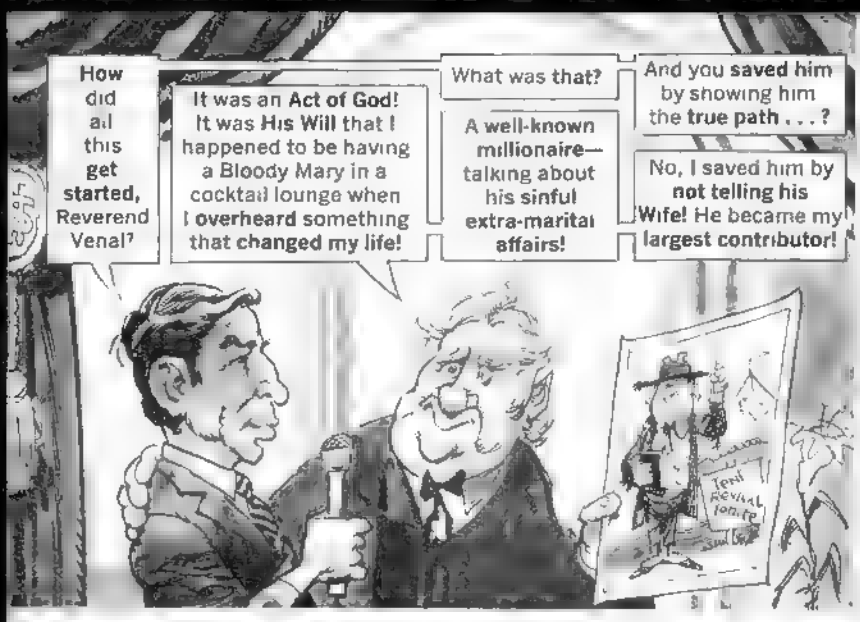
MAD'S "RELIGION" PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

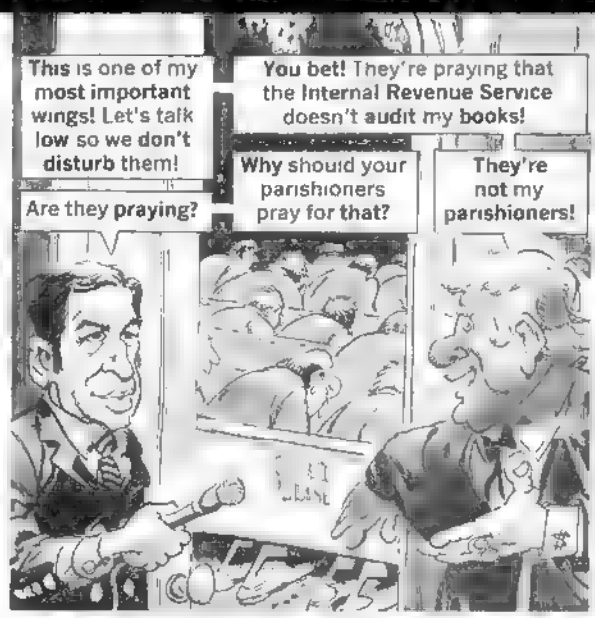

Our subject is the prominent Clergyman and Evangelist, the Reverend Osgood Venal! Hello, Reverend Venal!
God bless you, Mike, and God bless your wonderful readers!
I'd like to ask some questions—
And God bless your questions! Welcome to "The Temple Of My Fervent Hope"!
And just what IS your fervent hope?
That no one finds out I took kickbacks from contractors and building trade unions!
I love this tabernacle! The marble cost a cool mil! The stained glass went for 800 thou! You can just feel this is a House of God, right?
I'm not sure! Didn't God tell us to forsake all worldly wealth?!?
He DID?!? Then He must have said t before He created money!!
CLERGY
CHAPS

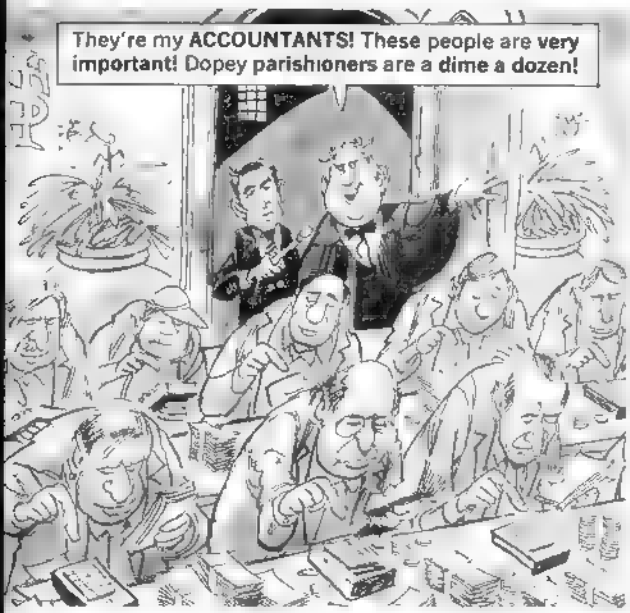
ARTIST JACK DAVIS WRITER: STAN HART


Tell us . where did you get your Degree in Divinity, Reverend Venal . . . ?
At Western North Dakota Seminary!
I'm not sure I know where that campus is!
What campus?!? It's a P.O. box! You send 'em fifty bucks and you get your diploma by return mail!

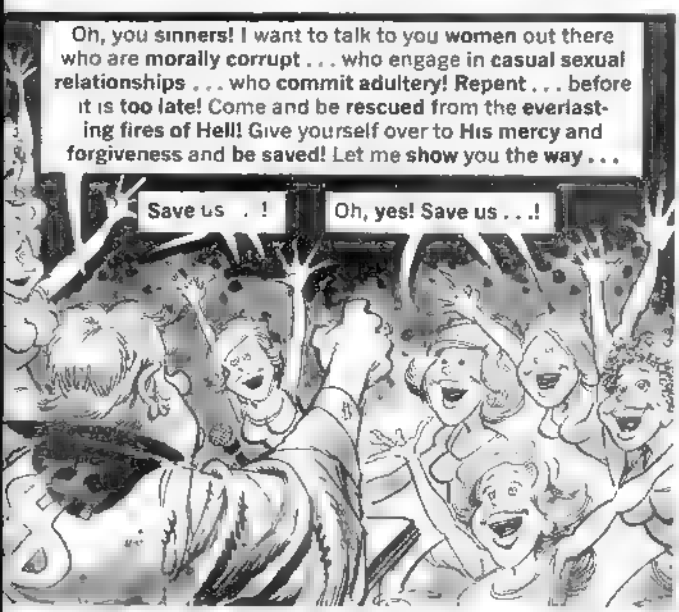
So you never really worked for your Degree!
Are you kidding? I worked plenty hard selling Used Cars so I could save up the fifty bucks!
And then you stopped selling Used Cars and went into your new career?
It's the same old career! Only the product is different!
5¢ EXACT CHANGE

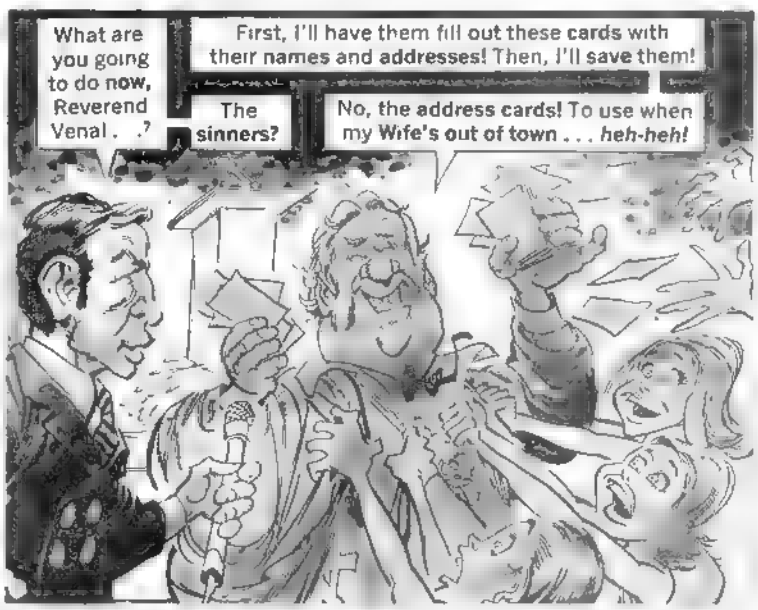

How did all this get started, Reverend Venal?
It was an Act of God! It was His Will that I happened to be having a Bloody Mary in a cocktail lounge when I overheard something that changed my life!
What was that?
A well-known millionaire—talking about his sinful extra-marital affairs!
And you saved him by showing him the true path . . . ?
No, I saved him by not telling his Wife! He became my largest contributor!
Total Revival Tonite

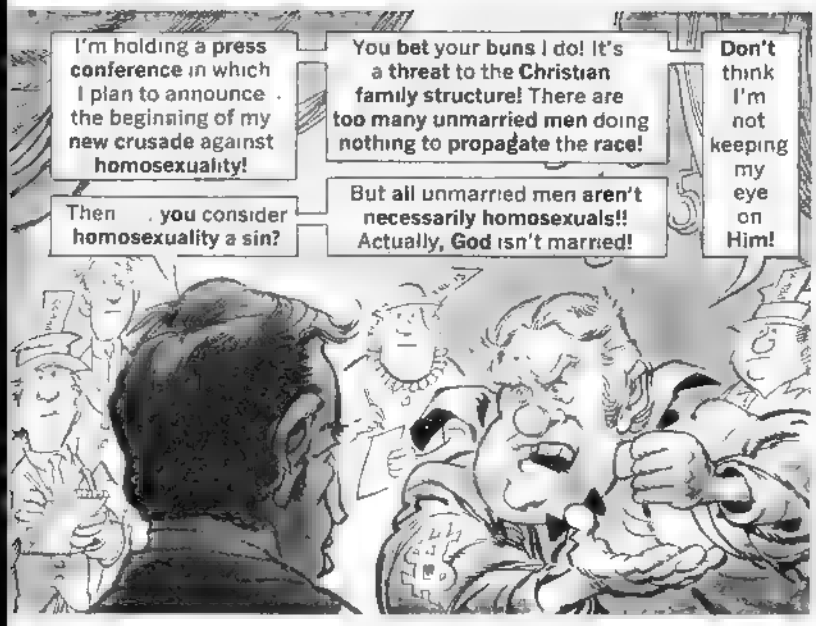

This is one of my most important wings! Let's talk low so we don't disturb them!
Are they praying?
You bet! They're praying that the Internal Revenue Service doesn't audit my books!
Why should your parishioners pray for that?
They're not my parishioners!

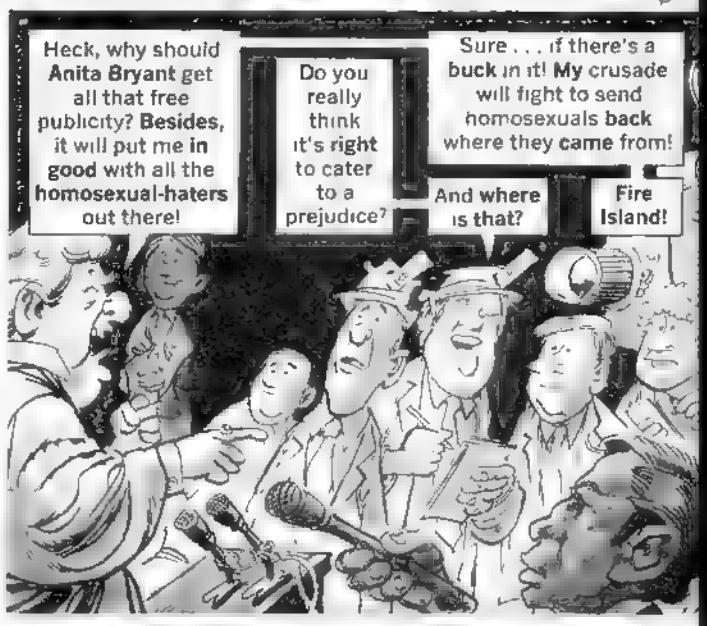

They're my ACCOUNTANTS! These people are very important! Dopey parishioners are a dime a dozen!

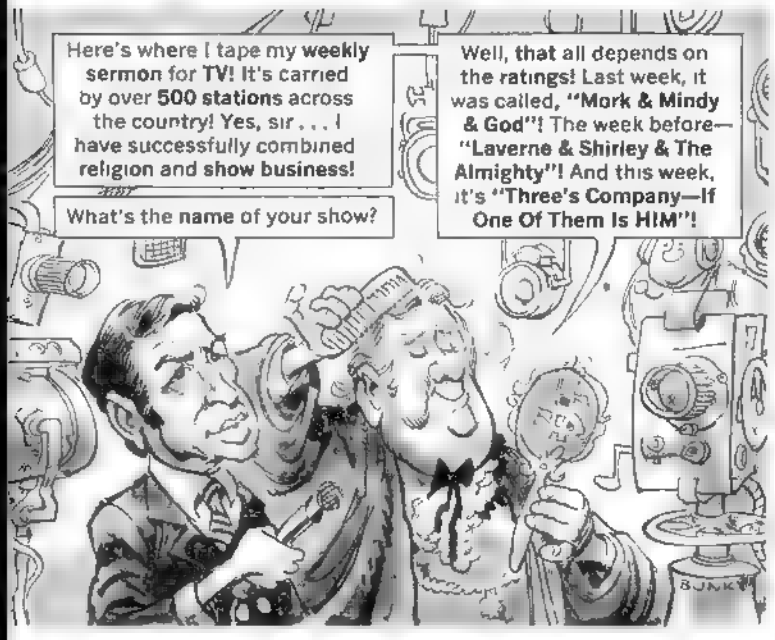
I'm getting ready to conduct my "Repentant Sinners Weekly Matinee Service"! Don't you just love my robes? I have them tailor-made for me by Gucci!
They're so—so flashy! I mean, God doesn't care about expensive raiments like that, does He?
Why should He?! He's an old guy that nobody ever sees! He doesn't have to worry about being a snappy dresser! But I've got my public to consider!

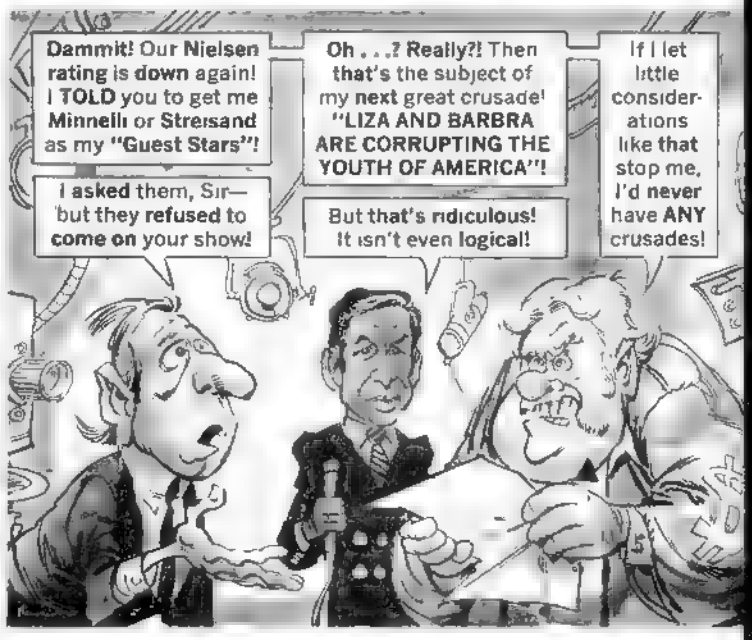

Oh, you sinners! I want to talk to you women out there who are morally corrupt . . . who engage in casual sexual relationships . . . who commit adultery! Repent . . . before it is too late! Come and be rescued from the everlasting fires of Hell! Give yourself over to His mercy and forgiveness and be saved! Let me show you the way . . .
Save us . . !
Oh, yes! Save us . . .!


What are you going to do now, Reverend Venal . .?
First, I'll have them fill out these cards with their names and addresses! Then, I'll save them!
The sinners?
No, the address cards! To use when my Wife's out of town . . . heh-heh!

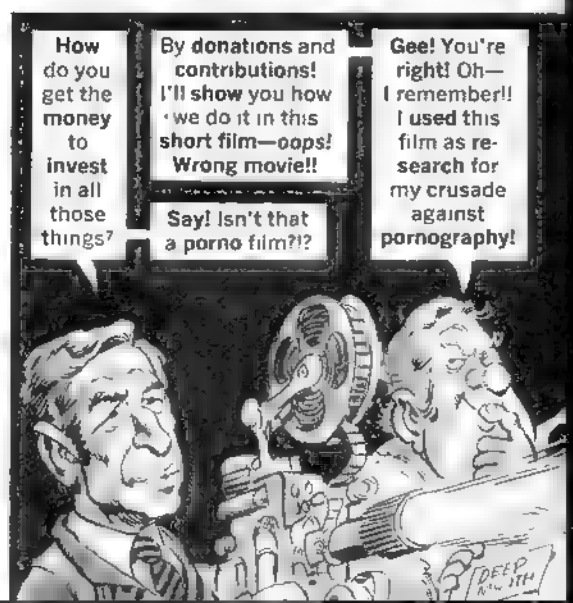

I'm holding a press conference in which I plan to announce the beginning of my new crusade against homosexuality!
You bet your buns I do! It's a threat to the Christian family structure! There are too many unmarried men doing nothing to propagate the race!
Don't think I'm not keeping my eye on Him!
Then you consider homosexuality a sin?
But all unmarried men aren't necessarily homosexuals!! Actually, God isn't married!


Heck, why should Anita Bryant get all that free publicity? Besides, it will put me in good with all the homosexual-haters out there!
Do you really think it's right to cater to a prejudice?
Sure . . . if there's a buck in it! My crusade will fight to send homosexuals back where they came from!
And where is that?
Fire Island!

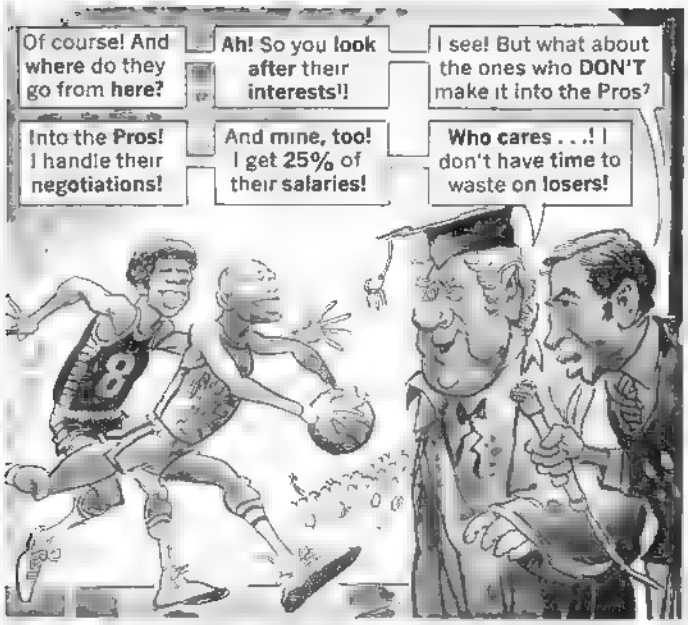

Here's where I tape my weekly sermon for TV! It's carried by over 500 stations across the country! Yes, sir . . . I have successfully combined religion and show business!
What's the name of your show?
Well, that all depends on the ratings! Last week, it was called, "Mork & Mindy & God"! The week before—"Laverne & Shirley & The Almighty"! And this week, it's "Three's Company—If One Of Them Is HIM"!


Dammit! Our Nielsen rating is down again! I TOLD you to get me Minnelli or Streisand as my "Guest Stars"!
I asked them, Sir—but they refused to come on your show!
Oh . . .? Really?! Then that's the subject of my next great crusade! "LIZA AND BARBRA ARE CORRUPTING THE YOUTH OF AMERICA"!
But that's ridiculous! It isn't even logical!
If I let little considerations like that stop me, I'd never have ANY crusades!

So you tape your services on Sundays?
No-no! I tape on Saturdays! I have to keep my Sundays free!
For what . . .?
For selling lots in my "Pentateuch Housing Development"! Sunday's my busiest day!
Do you keep the profits from your Housing Development?
No, sir! I put them all into my "Spread The Word Society"!
An Educational Foundation?
No, a Holding Company! It invests in shopping centers, real estate, oil wells, banks and loan companies! THOSE profits are TAX FREE and worth keeping!

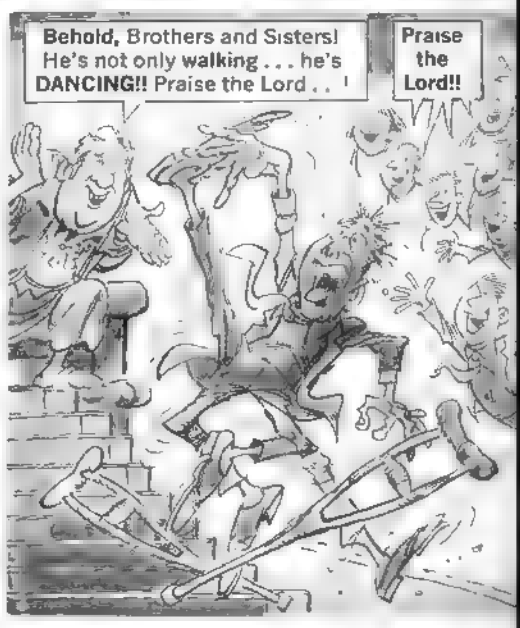

How do you get the money to invest in all those things?
By donations and contributions! I'll show you how we do it in this short film—oops! Wrong movie!!
Say! Isn't that a porno film?!?
Gee! You're right! Oh—I remember!! I used this film as research for my crusade against pornography!

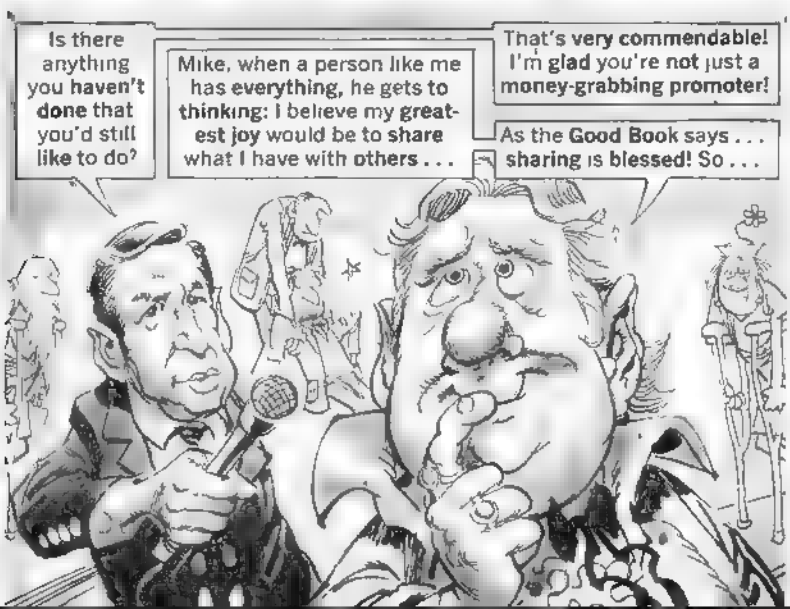
Tell me . . . how do you feel about pornography?
It's nauseating! After seeing this movie 25 times, I got sick of it!
What are they doing to that Salvation Army lady?
Making her relocate! Why should she hog the best spot! Our Christmas campaign is so successful, I plan on doing it again in June!
You can't do that! Christmas is on Dec. 25th to celebrate the birth of Christ!
It IS?! Sorry you told me! You screwed up a great promotion!
For a contribution of $1000, we put the donor's name on a plaque, and attach it to a seat! We now have 5000 donors!
But you only have 2500 seats! How do you handle that . . .?
The people whose names begin with A to K come to the morning service! And the L's to Z's come to the afternoon service! During the break, we switch plaques!!
Here's a real good fund-raiser for us! "Our Lady Of The Hard Eight Casino"!
But aren't games of chance sinful?
Absolutely right! But we take the sin out of it!
Oh? How do you do that?
We use marked cards and loaded dice! Our parishioners aren't taking any chances here! The house always wins! Heh-heh-heh . . .
And who are they?
God's helpers! They run the Casino for me!
But they look like they're in "The Mob"!
"Judge not, lest ye shall be judged!" In ancient times, some people called the Twelve Apostles "The Mob"! It's all in the way you look at it!
And this is my proudest achievement . . . my own tax-exempt college!
I've noticed, as we've gone through your college and church, that we haven't seen any Blacks! Do you discriminate against Blacks?
Oh, that is a low blow, Mike! A low blow indeed! I most certainly do have Blacks in my college!
How many?
Five!!
We share the same religious principle!
What religious principle is that . . .?!
Winning at all costs! I have scouts that scour ghetto schoolyards for talent!
Isn't that nice! And when they graduate?
What graduate? They play out their four years of eligibility and move on!


Of course! And where do they go from here?
Into the Pros! I handle their negotiations!
Ah! So you look after their interests!!
And mine, too! I get 25% of their salaries!
I see! But what about the ones who DON'T make it into the Pros?
Who cares . . .! I don't have time to waste on losers!

In addition to being a regular minister, I'm also the best faith-healer in the business!
I'm a little skeptical about faith-healing!
Let me show you! Lord . . . heal this man! Take away his pain! See? You're no longer in pain!
But . . . but I wasn't in pain before!
See how good I am!? My healing is retroactive!

What seems to be the trouble, Brother?
I haven't been able to walk in twenty years!
When I raise my hands, you will be able to take your first step!!
Now!! Throw away your crutches, and WALK!!
I'll try!!


Behold, Brothers and Sisters! He's not only walking . . . he's DANCING!! Praise the Lord . . .!
Praise the Lord!!


Is there anything you haven't done that you'd still like to do?
Mike, when a person like me has everything, he gets to thinking: I believe my greatest joy would be to share what I have with others . . .
That's very commendable! I'm glad you're not just a money-grabbing promoter!
As the Good Book says . . . sharing is blessed! So . . .

. . . I'm selling franchises in our "Big V Redemption Centers"! For a modest investment of $25,000, you're in the business of saving souls! Now, the first payment includes the cost of a formica altar . . .
VENAL RELIGIOUS ENTERPRISES INC.
This is Mike Malice . . . turning you back to MAD Magazine . . .

BYGONE BUY-GONES DEPT.

Despite all the books written about major events in history, we still know very little about the way our ancestors lived their normal, every-day lives. That's because the world didn't have Classified Telephone Directories in the past. And

STILL MORE YELLOW PA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

His Majesty's Medieval Telephone Co. Classified Directory

(Serving The Communities of Snadely, East Kimshot, North Blatherskite, Grubber's Cove, Upsted, Smurnwell and a portion of Weed.)

▶ **Armor—Sales & Service**

G. & R. METALLIC CLOTHIERS

LATEST FASHIONS FOR MEN IN YOUR CHOICE OF CHAIN MAIL OR CAST IRON

Also Cute Matching Ensembles For You And Your Horse

21 Junkmongers' Row... FOrsooth 8-6166

JIFFY ARMOR REPAIR

Emergency House Calls Made
To Pry Open Stuck Visors
And Unbolt Locked Knee Joints

14 Alley of Thieves ..... Hingesqueak 8-1072

▶ **Chivalry**

Day & Knight Service
42 Knightsbridge Rd. ..... JOuster 5-6161

KELLY BOYS

TEMPORARY CHIVALROUS HELP

Hire One Of Our Qualified Knights By Day, Week Or Month To Handle Your Work Backlog Of Maiden Rescuings, Etc.

Stall No. 9,
☐ Hucksters' Market ..... ONguard 4-1196

WEIRD WALTER'S REPTILE FARM

Save Money On Your Next Chivalry Job By Kissing One Of Our Frogs And Creating Your Own Handsome Prince.

1328 Highwaymans' Highway WArtlips 2-3346

▶ **Court Jesters**

Carterre, Bitlye,
18 Buffoons' Lane ..... GOober 8-3094

▶ **Interior Decorators**

DEMAND A WELL TRAINED, ALL-ROUND FOOL

Why Bore Your Castle Guests With A Jester Whose After-Dinner Show Consists Of Nothing But Bell Jingling or Somersaults?

Our Employees Are Masters Of All Phases Of Foolishness:

- Hilarious Pratfalls
- Dirty Limerick Reciting
- Impersonations of Famous Noblemen
- Bird Calls
- Off-Key Lute Strumming

Phone Now For A Free Audition—No Obligation Tower of London Basement BEllclang 5-8000

there's no substitute for reading The Yellow Pages to find out how a community lives and works. So let's suppose the telephone had been invented in the time of the Middle Ages, and phone books appeared soon after. Here is a MAD look at

GES THROUGH HISTORY

*THIS IS PART III OF A CONTINUING SERIES. THE "COLONIAL YELLOW PAGES" WILL APPEAR NEXT.

THE ULTIMATE IN TERROR FOR HOME OR COMMERCIAL USE

Your One-Stop Headquarters For
"Maiden-Deform" Brand Iron Maidens
Genuine "Thumb-Fun" Thumb Screws
"E-Z-Grip" Brand Spiked Clubs
Racks (Sizes 4-feet-10 to 6-feet-6)

"Making Your Enemies Scream Since 1094"

Number 14 Manglers' Square

APEX DUNGEON SUPPLIES
PHONE—SLowdeath 7-0558

Compleat Fool, Ltd.,
Tower of London
Basement ..... BEllclang 5-8000

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

ETHELREDE & SON OF ETHELREDE TALENT AGENCY

Fifty Dim-Witted Jugglers
Under Contract To Serve You

"Supplying The Kingdom With Fools Since 1321"

77 Sunsette Strippe...FLeshpeddler 9-5951

▶Physicians & Other Sorcerers

AXELROD OF FLEETWOOD, M.D.

SPECIALIZING IN THE TREATMENT OF FITS & SEIZURES

Fully Trained In The Use Of Leeches, Mystical Powders, Etc.

Also Lead Transmuted To Gold While You Wait

44 Street of the Quacks ..... MAlpractice 7-8180

IGOR THE DROOLING, M.D.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY
Member Of The Transylvanie State Medical Dissectors' Association

24 Plaza of Filth ..... BAtwing 9-4428

▶Pubs

THE KNAVE & BULLFEATHER

Live Druid Chanting Nightly

No Churls Under 21 Admitted

37 Street of the Winos....STumblebum 5-6623

The Knight Club,
63 Drunken Walk ..... ROtgut 3-2189

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

▶Scribes

CLOISTERED MONASTERY COPYING SERVICE

Let Our Skilled Monks Create An Illuminated Manuscript From Your Scribbled Sonnet Or Royal Edict

Only Highest Quality Vellum Used

Fast Delivery Within Five Years Guaranteed

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Foggy Mountain ..... TRappist 4-5779

▶Singers & Musical Groups

The Old Christie Minstrels
36 Alley of Tenors ..... HArmony 7-2123

WALLED CITY 'OLLERS

BOFFO GROUP WILL LIVEN UP YOUR CORONATION, WEDDING FEAST OR PUBLIC HANGING WITH SMASH HIT MADRIGALS FROM THE TOP FORTY

44 Toe Tappers' Lane... GRoupie 4-3897

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LOW YEARLY OR LIFETIME RATES FOR KEEPING THE LOONY IN YOUR FAMILY OUT OF CIRCULATION

Iron Window Bars And All Other Modern Psychiatric Facilities Offered

Trained Keepers On Duty 24 Hours A Day

Far End of Dead-End Road ..... BLoodcurdle 5-0808

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"SERVING THE POOR BY MUGGING THE RICH"

Call Us To Help You With Your Next Highway Robbery

Why Go To Debtors' Prison When Our Competent Crooks Can Steal What You Need?

Rural Route 1,
Nottingham ..... SHerwood 8-3188

▶Torture Devices

Apex Dungeon Supplies
14 Manglers' Square .... SLowdeath 7-0558

(See Our Display Ad This Page)

RODNEY'S RENT-A-TRUNCHEON

Complete Line of Persuasion Equipment For Witch Hunts, Inquisitions & General Fun

Available By Hour, Day Or Week — We Deliver

91 Scummy Water Parkway ..... SKullbuster 7-6564

Sturdy-Maid Interrogation Devices,
28 Agony Alley ..... COnfessall 4-4419

▶Torture Studios

DINWIDDIE'S DUNGEON

Bring Your Enemies Or Relatives To Us For Full Confessions Under The Sadistic Guidance Of Our Trained Staff

Advance Reservations For Rack Space Required

Not Responsible For Victims Left Over Thirty Days

53 Boulevard of Broken Legs ..... CLobber 8-4725

TED & BRUCIE'S PLACE

CALL US FIRST IF YOUR "THING" IS BEING BEATEN TO DEATH BY FOUR BUTCH GUYS WEARING BLACK LEATHER CAPES

41 Lavender Lane ..... STrangefellow 2-0711

▶Travel Agents

FLAT WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

NOW ACCEPTING RESERVATIONS FOR THE FOURTH CRUSADE AND MARCO POLO'S VOYAGE TO FAR CATHAY

Why Settle For A Two-Week Vacation When We Can Send You On A Trip That Will Last A Whole Lifetime?

Wharfside Stall No. 8 ..... JOyride 3-9124

REACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS DEPT.

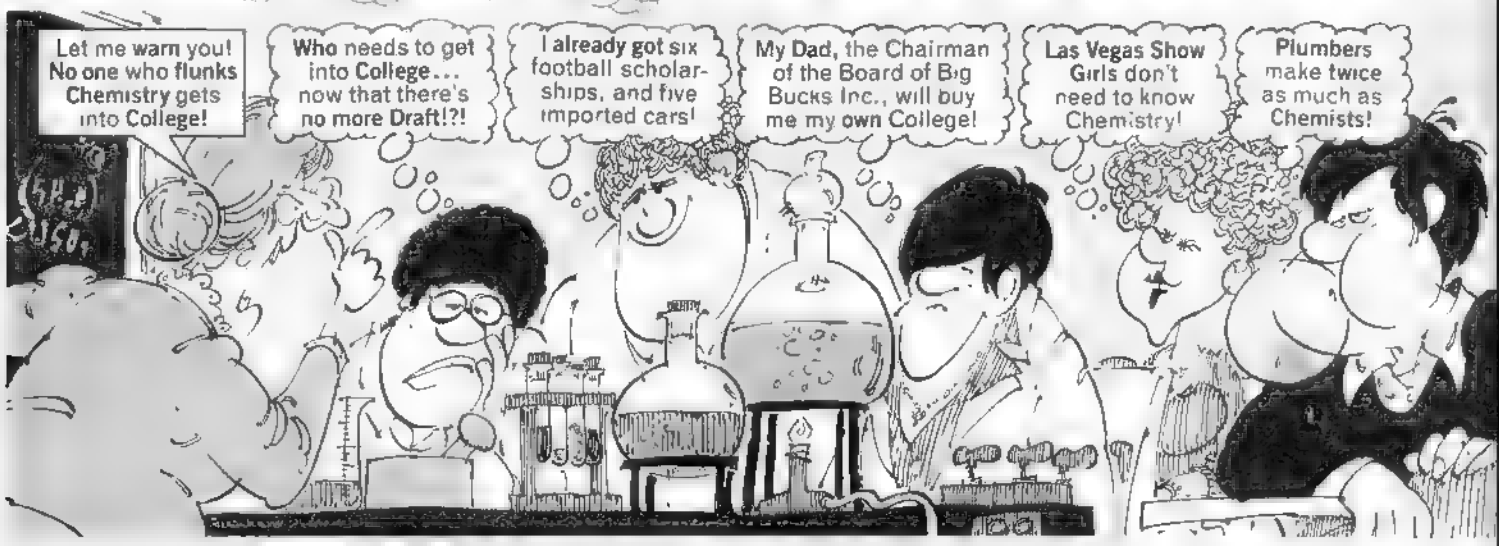
A MAD LOOK AT THE SILENT

NOW GO OUT THERE AND HIT THOSE SISSIES!!
COACH
Those are 360 POUND sissies!
Gatorade gives me the runs!!
What am I doing here! I'm an Interior Decorating Major!!
Their Cheerleaders wear no bras!
Their Cheerleaders wear no bras!

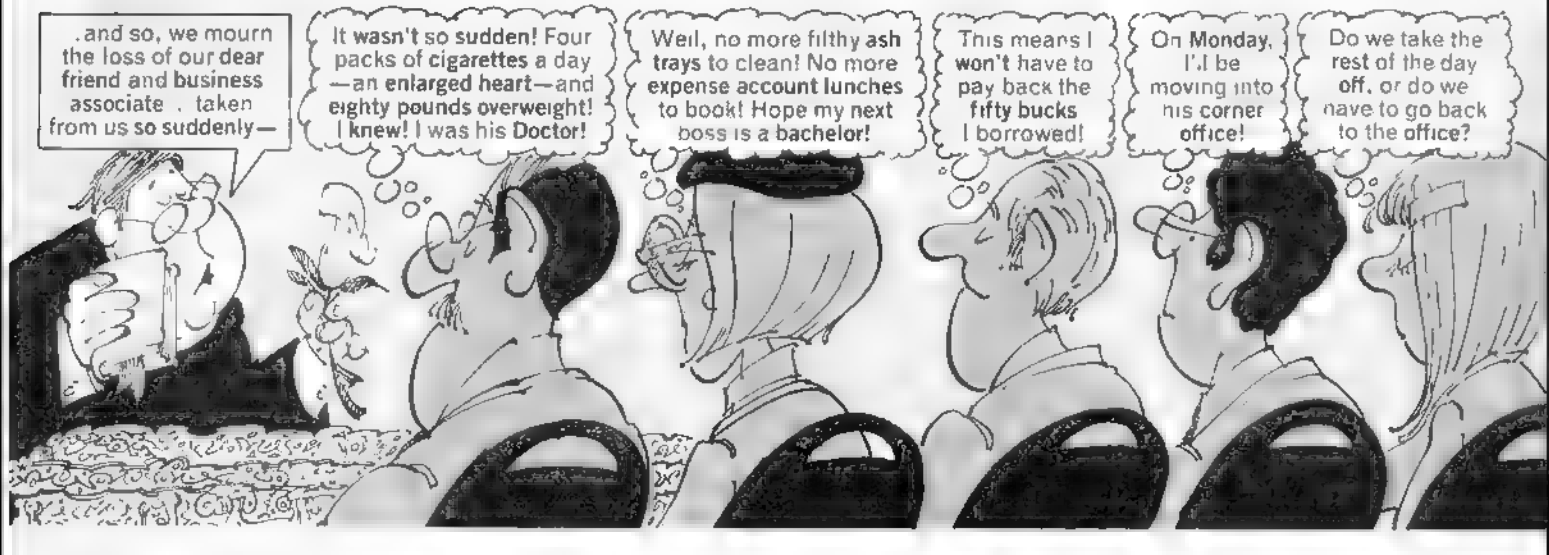
Before I introduce this year's recipients of our award, let me first say a few words about our distinguished guest
If he hurries, I can still catch the second half of the Vikings-Rams game!
My shirt is caught in my zipper!
It took a bundle to get the votes, but I'll make it up in kick-backs!
If this goes on any longer, I'll need another drink!
Big deal! Any schmuck can win this Humpty-Dumpty award!
I wonder if anybody will be offended if I get up and leave! I gotta go so bad!

Today after singing our Company Song, we are going to try to see our five millionth portion of "Creamed Chicken On A Sesame Seed Muffin"! So go out there and put on a great show! Ready?
This is a heckuva way to break into Show Business!
The word "chicken" ALONE makes me sick!
Someday, I'll have me my own chain of "Chitlins an' Ribs" stands!
Gee, I sure hope my blood test comes back "Negative"!
I wonder if this Creamed Chicken is what's giving me my acne!

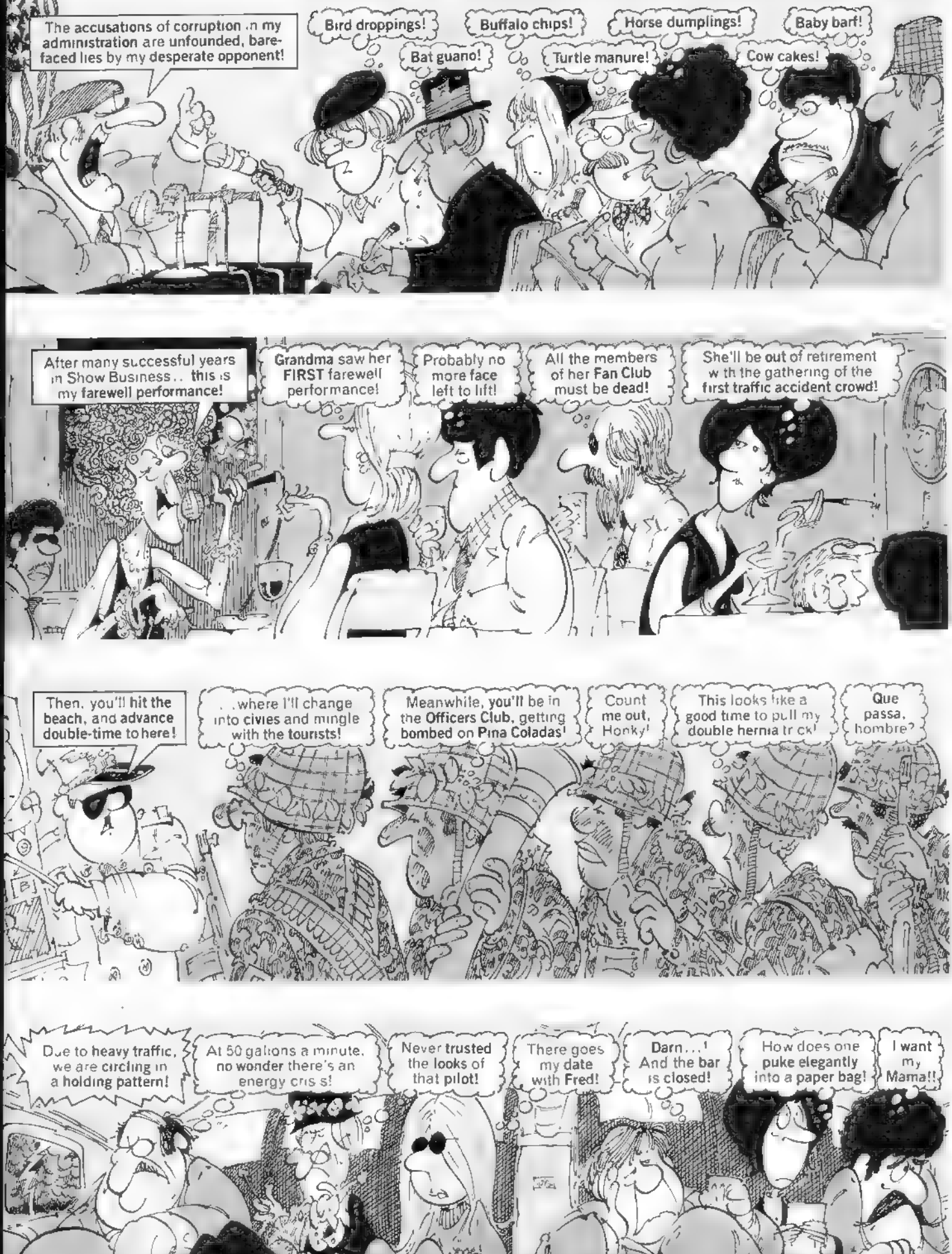
thinking AUDIENCE


Let me warn you! No one who flunks Chemistry gets into College!
Who needs to get into College... now that there's no more Draft!?!
I already got six football scholarships, and five imported cars!
My Dad, the Chairman of the Board of Big Bucks Inc., will buy me my own College!
Las Vegas Show Girls don't need to know Chemistry!
Plumbers make twice as much as Chemists!

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES


...and so, we mourn the loss of our dear friend and business associate . taken from us so suddenly—
It wasn't so sudden! Four packs of cigarettes a day—an enlarged heart—and eighty pounds overweight! I knew! I was his Doctor!
Well, no more filthy ash trays to clean! No more expense account lunches to book! Hope my next boss is a bachelor!
This means I won't have to pay back the fifty bucks I borrowed!
On Monday, I'll be moving into his corner office!
Do we take the rest of the day off, or do we have to go back to the office?

We will begin your first Anatomy Lesson by cutting into this corpse like so, and—
Looks like the Roast Beef—*ulp*—I just had!
Uh... where are all the sexy Nurses with the see-through blouses that fool around with Interns?!?
Let's hear about fee-splitting, instead!
All I wanna be is a Plastic Surgeon and meet lotsa movie stars!
我不
大餓
我不愛
Ulp! Maybe I'll just Marry a Doctor!


The accusations of corruption in my administration are unfounded, bare-faced lies by my desperate opponent!
Bird droppings!
Buffalo chips!
Horse dumplings!
Baby barf!
Bat guano!
Turtle manure!
Cow cakes!
After many successful years in Show Business.. this is my farewell performance!
Grandma saw her FIRST farewell performance!
Probably no more face left to lift!
All the members of her Fan Club must be dead!
She'll be out of retirement with the gathering of the first traffic accident crowd!
Then, you'll hit the beach, and advance double-time to here!
. . .where I'll change into civies and mingle with the tourists!
Meanwhile, you'll be in the Officers Club, getting bombed on Pina Coladas!
Count me out, Honky!
This looks like a good time to pull my double hernia trick!
Que passa, hombre?
Due to heavy traffic, we are circling in a holding pattern!
At 50 gallons a minute, no wonder there's an energy crisis!
Never trusted the looks of that pilot!
There goes my date with Fred!
Darn...! And the bar is closed!
How does one puke elegantly into a paper bag!
I want my Mama!!

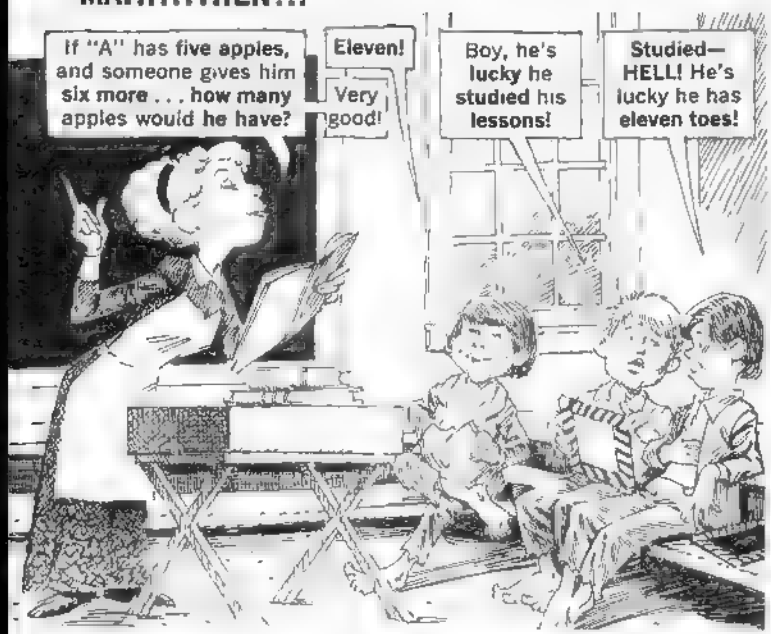
SHOLASTRICKS DEPT.

Several times in past issues, we've explored the changes that have taken place in our educational system. Among other things, we've seen how attitudes, dress and the life-styles of students have changed over the decades. Now, here is . . .

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHANGING TOOLS OF EDUCATION

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

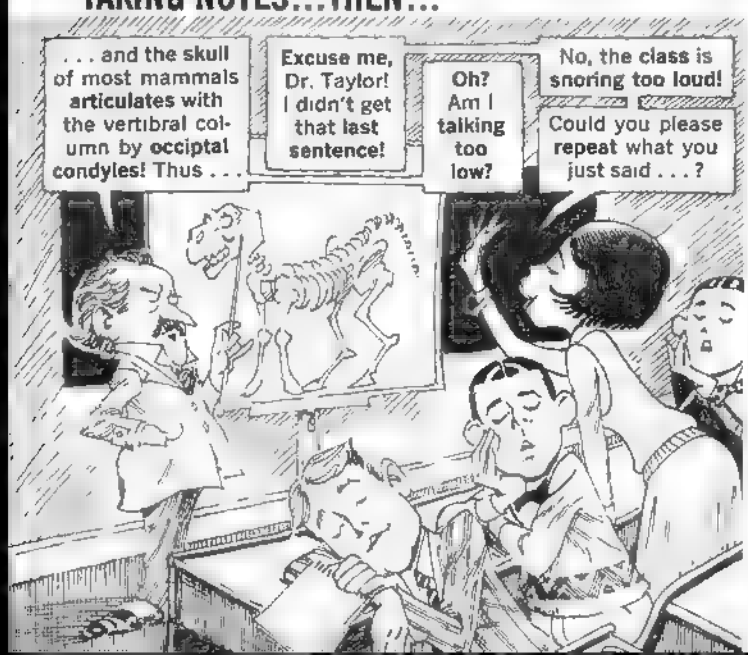
MATH...THEN...


If "A" has five apples, and someone gives him six more . . . how many apples would he have?
Eleven!
Very good!
Boy, he's lucky he studied his lessons!
Studied—HELL! He's lucky he has eleven toes!

...AND NOW...

If "A" has two skateboards and someone gives him two more . . . how many skateboards would he have?
Six . . . No! Make that eight! Wait a minute! It's ten!!
This is incredible!! You're graduating from High School next month! You've been accepted at Harvard!! And you STILL don't know how much TWO AND TWO IS!?!
Give me a break, Mrs. Finley! The battery in my calculator went dead!

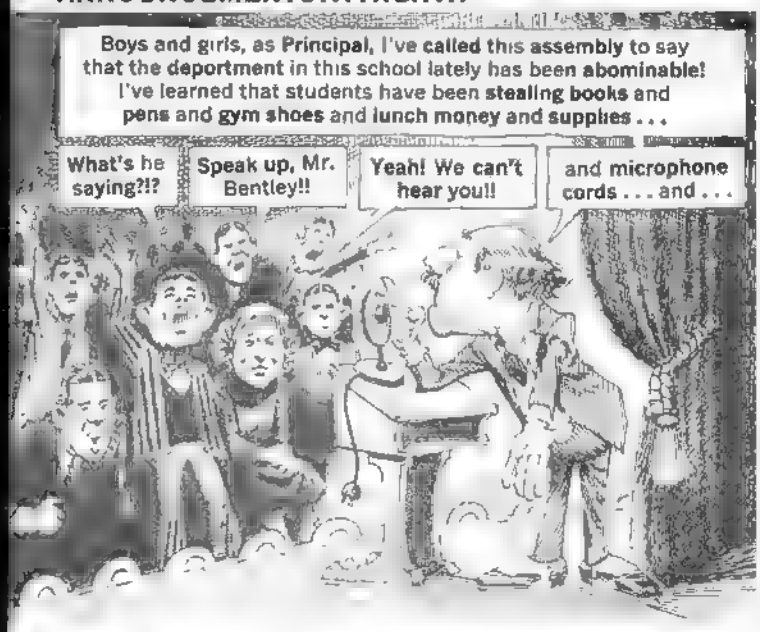
TAKING NOTES...THEN...


. . . and the skull of most mammals articulates with the vertibral column by occiptal condyles! Thus . . .
Excuse me, Dr. Taylor! I didn't get that last sentence!
Oh? Am I talking too low?
No, the class is snoring too loud!
Could you please repeat what you just said . . . ?

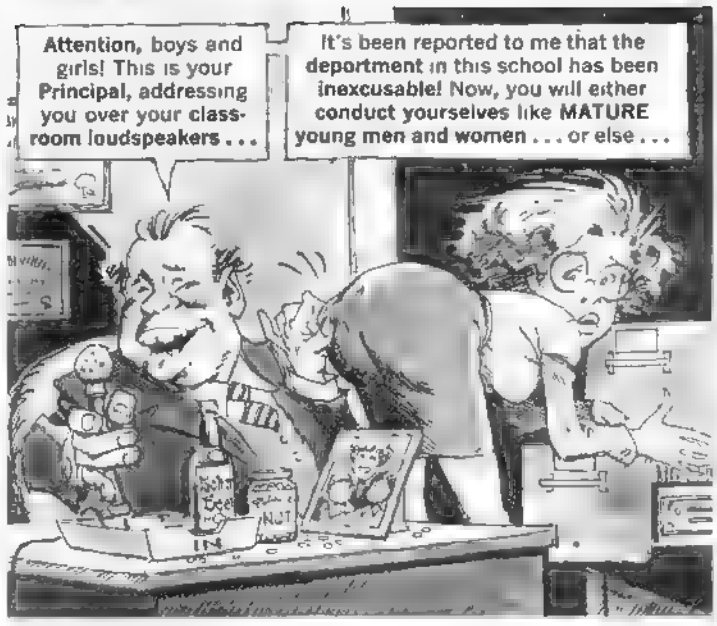
...AND NOW...

. . . and so, the difference in concepts is that Freud postulates ONE urge, whereas Jung postulates SEVERAL urges—
Excuse me, Dr. Grammish!
Oh? Am I talking too low?
No, it's just that I noticed that the cassette I brought for my tape recorder happens to have a Bee Gees concert on it, and I'll DIE before I erase it! Could you possibly repeat this lecture tomorrow?

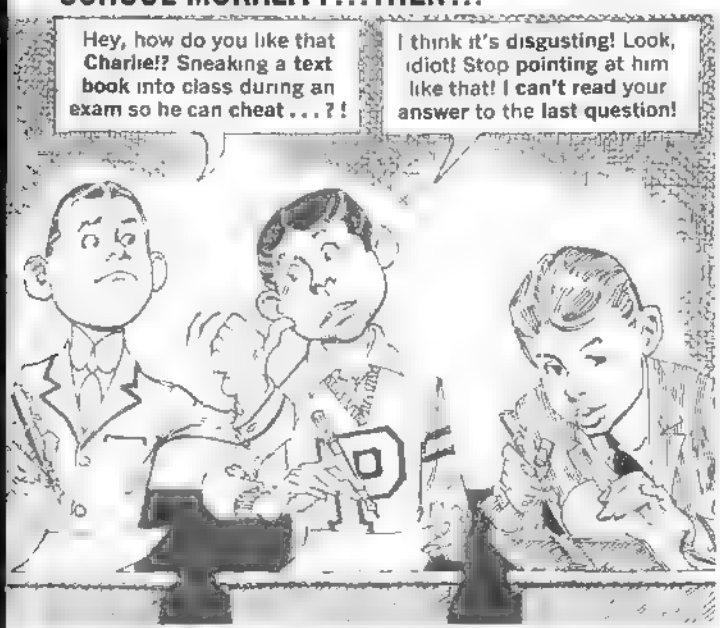
ANNOUNCEMENTS...THEN...


Boys and girls, as Principal, I've called this assembly to say that the deportment in this school lately has been abominable! I've learned that students have been stealing books and pens and gym shoes and lunch money and supplies . . .
What's he saying?!?
Speak up, Mr. Bentley!!
Yeah! We can't hear you!!
and microphone cords . . . and . . .

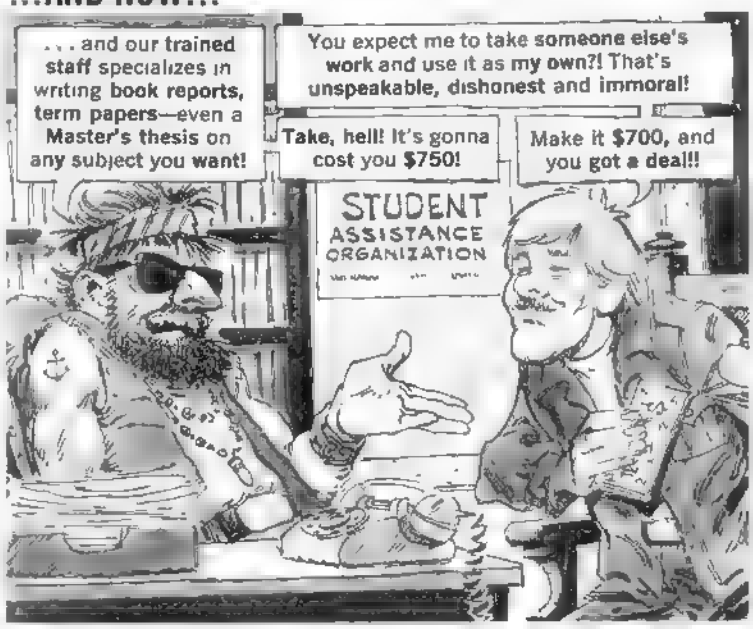
...AND NOW...


Attention, boys and girls! This is your Principal, addressing you over your classroom loudspeakers . . .
It's been reported to me that the deportment in this school has been inexcusable! Now, you will either conduct yourselves like MATURE young men and women . . . or else . . .

SCHOOL MORALITY...THEN...


Hey, how do you like that Charlie!? Sneaking a text book into class during an exam so he can cheat . . . ?!
I think it's disgusting! Look, idiot! Stop pointing at him like that! I can't read your answer to the last question!

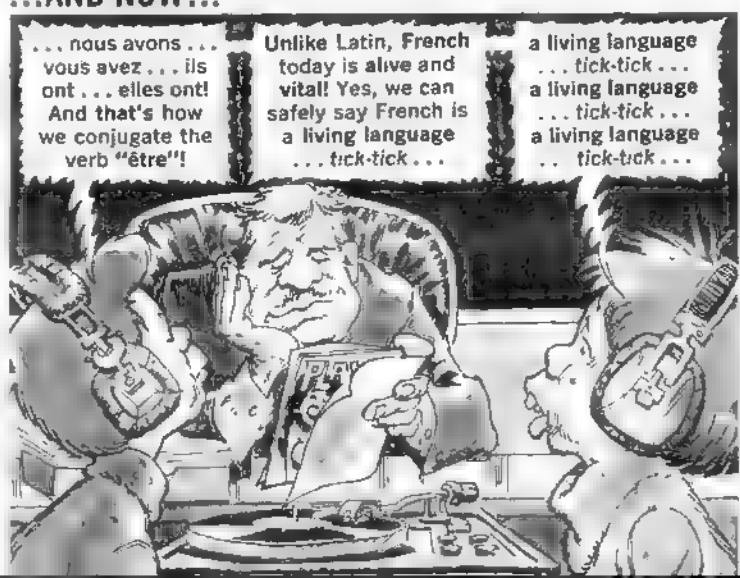
...AND NOW...


. . . and our trained staff specializes in writing book reports, term papers—even a Master's thesis on any subject you want!
You expect me to take someone else's work and use it as my own?! That's unspeakable, dishonest and immoral!
Take, hell! It's gonna cost you $750!
Make it $700, and you got a deal!!
STUDENT ASSISTANCE ORGANIZATION

LANGUAGE CLASS...THEN...

Please conjugate the present tense singular of the verb "être" for us, Philip . . .
Je suis . . . tu es . . . il est . . . elle est . . .
Très bien, Philip! Remember, class . . . unlike Latin, French is a living language! It's alive today . . . just like you and I!
Hmmph! If it's alive like her, I give them both another week!

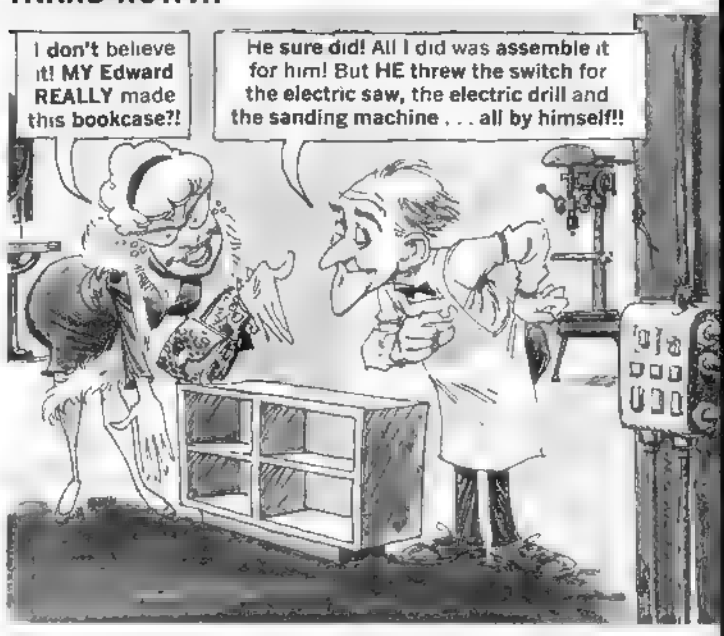
...AND NOW...


. . . nous avons . . . vous avez . . . ils ont . . . elles ont! And that's how we conjugate the verb "être"!
Unlike Latin, French today is alive and vital! Yes, we can safely say French is a living language . . . tick-tick . . .
a living language . . . tick-tick . . . a living language . . . tick-tick . . . a living language . . . tick-tick . . .

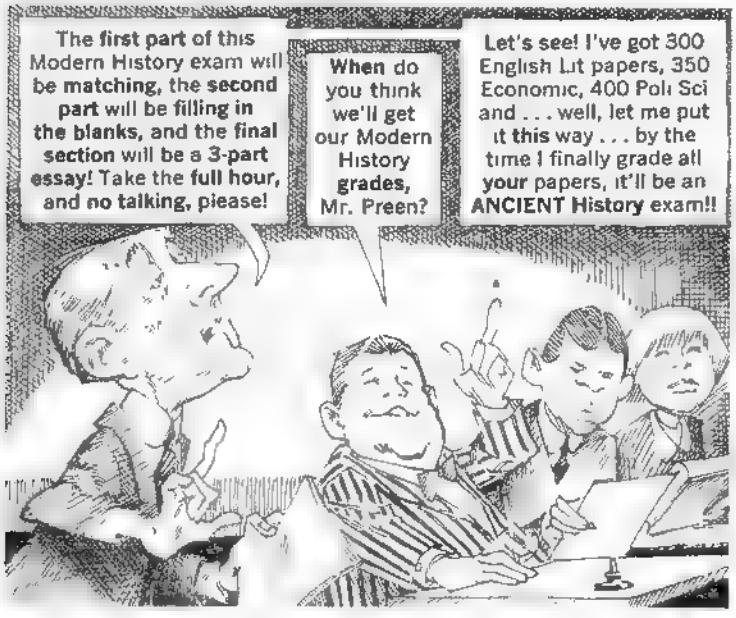
OPEN SCHOOL WEEK...THEN...

You mean MY Bertram made this?!? It's the most incredible tie rack I have ever seen!!
It sure is! Especially since it's SUPPOSED to be a bread box!
Bertram REALLY made this?!
Oh, yes! He sawed all the wood . . . and planed it . . . and sanded it down . . . and drove in the nails with a hammer . . . all by himself!

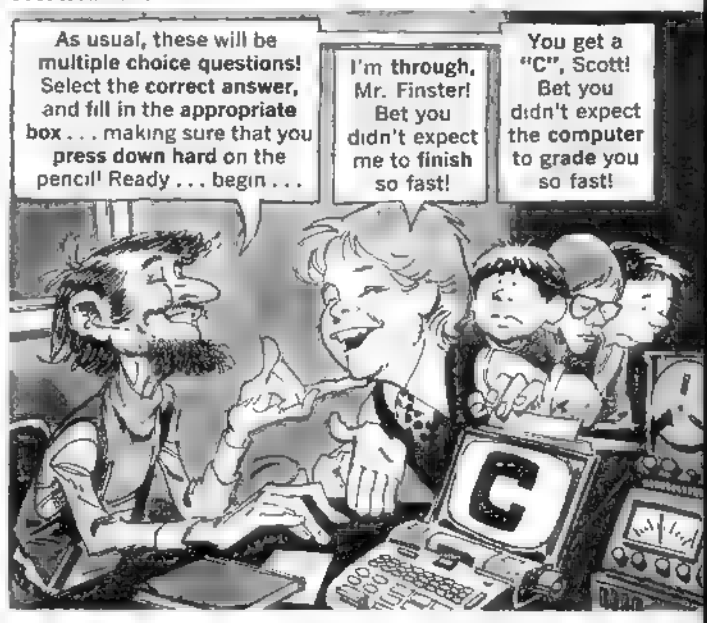
...AND NOW...


I don't believe it! MY Edward REALLY made this bookcase?!
He sure did! All I did was assemble it for him! But HE threw the switch for the electric saw, the electric drill and the sanding machine . . . all by himself!!

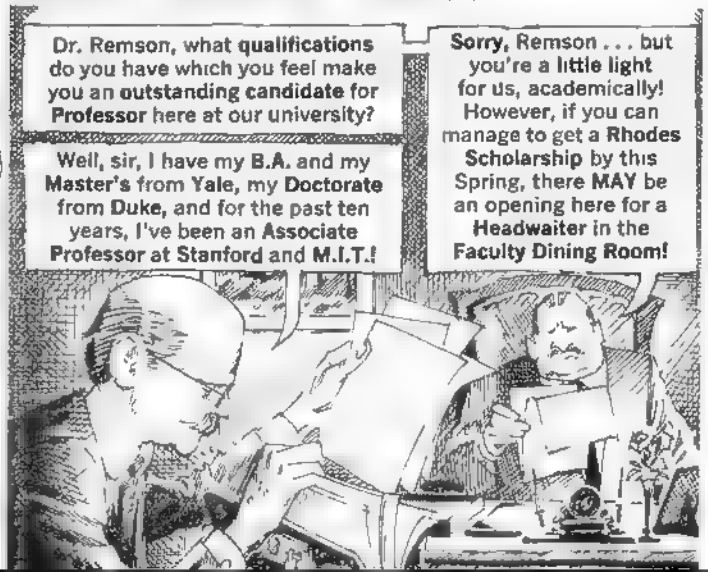
TAKING EXAMS...THEN...


The first part of this Modern History exam will be matching, the second part will be filling in the blanks, and the final section will be a 3-part essay! Take the full hour, and no talking, please!
When do you think we'll get our Modern History grades, Mr. Preen?
Let's see! I've got 300 English Lit papers, 350 Economic, 400 Poli Sci and . . . well, let me put it this way . . . by the time I finally grade all your papers, it'll be an ANCIENT History exam!!

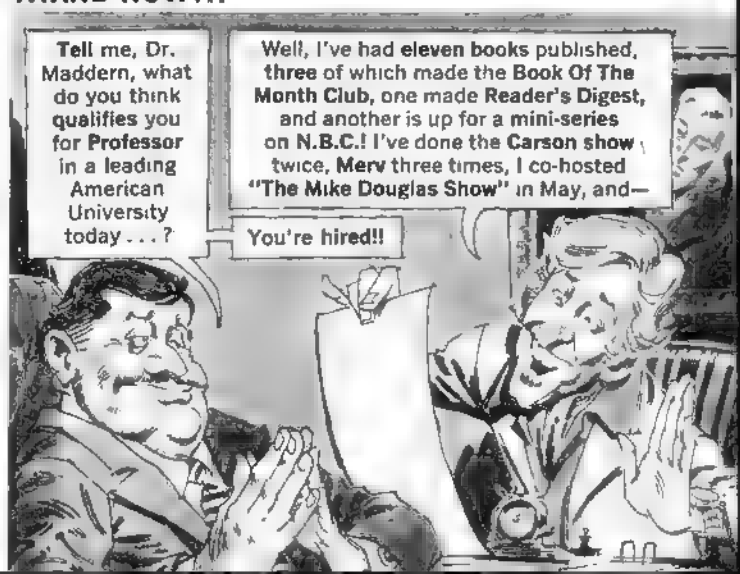
...AND NOW...


As usual, these will be multiple choice questions! Select the correct answer, and fill in the appropriate box . . . making sure that you press down hard on the pencil! Ready . . . begin . . .
I'm through, Mr. Finster! Bet you didn't expect me to finish so fast!
You get a "C", Scott! Bet you didn't expect the computer to grade you so fast!
C

HIRING A PROFESSOR...THEN...

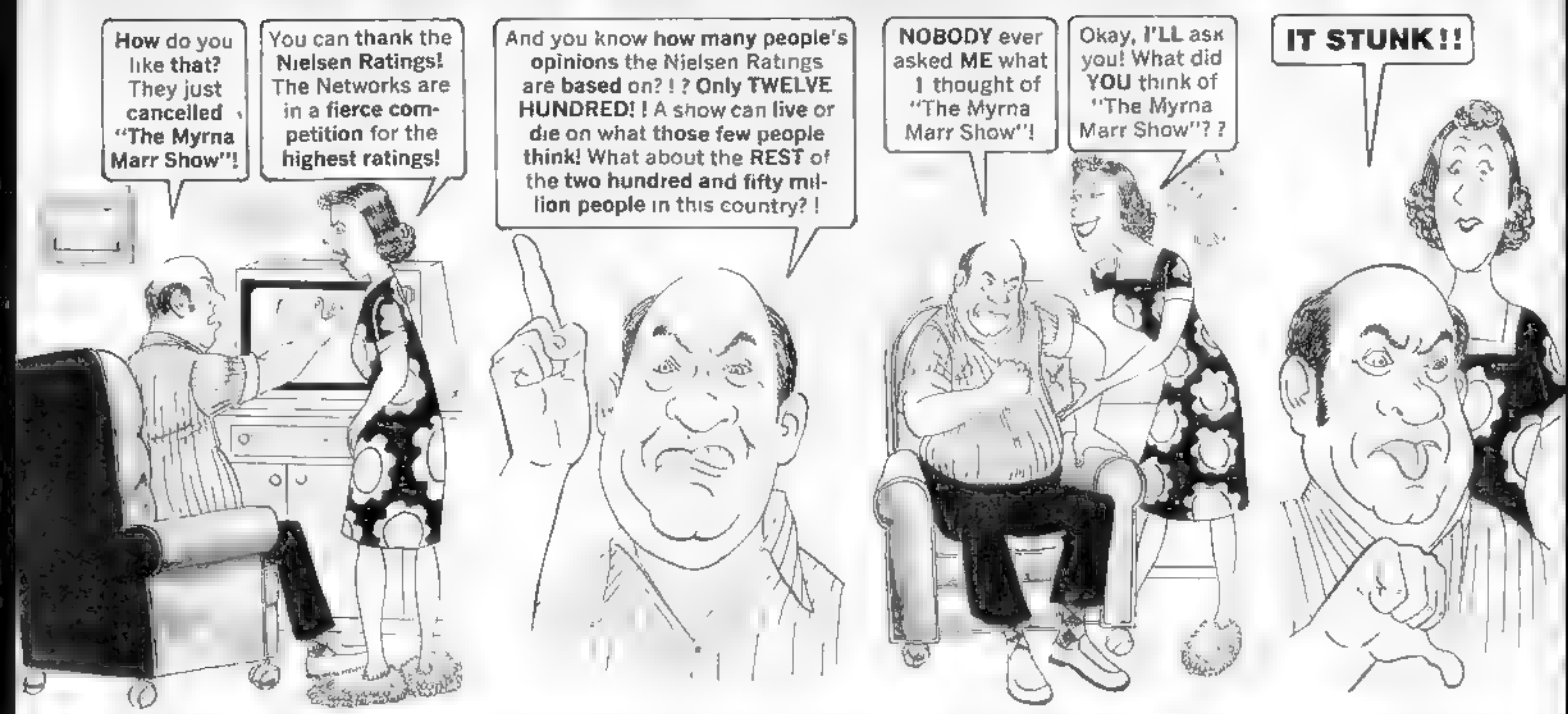

Dr. Remson, what qualifications do you have which you feel make you an outstanding candidate for Professor here at our university?
Well, sir, I have my B.A. and my Master's from Yale, my Doctorate from Duke, and for the past ten years, I've been an Associate Professor at Stanford and M.I.T.!
Sorry, Remson . . . but you're a little light for us, academically! However, if you can manage to get a Rhodes Scholarship by this Spring, there MAY be an opening here for a Headwaiter in the Faculty Dining Room!

...AND NOW...


Tell me, Dr. Maddern, what do you think qualifies you for Professor in a leading American University today . . . ?
Well, I've had eleven books published, three of which made the Book Of The Month Club, one made Reader's Digest, and another is up for a mini-series on N.B.C.! I've done the Carson show twice, Merv three times, I co-hosted "The Mike Douglas Show" in May, and—
You're hired!!

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

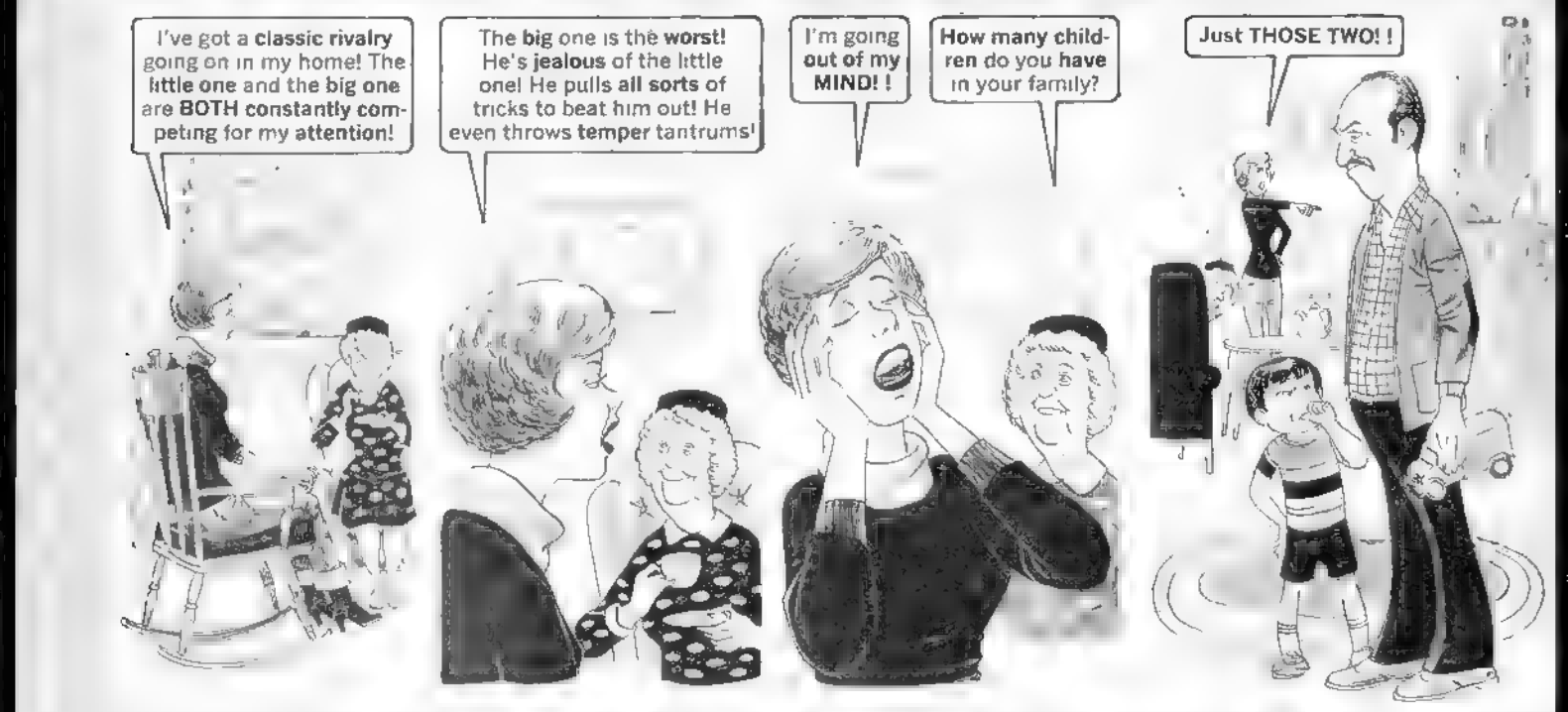
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... COM


How do you like that? They just cancelled "The Myrna Marr Show"!
You can thank the Nielsen Ratings! The Networks are in a fierce competition for the highest ratings!
And you know how many people's opinions the Nielsen Ratings are based on?!? Only TWELVE HUNDRED!! A show can live or die on what those few people think! What about the REST of the two hundred and fifty million people in this country?!
NOBODY ever asked ME what I thought of "The Myrna Marr Show"!
Okay, I'LL ask you! What did YOU think of "The Myrna Marr Show"??
IT STUNK!!

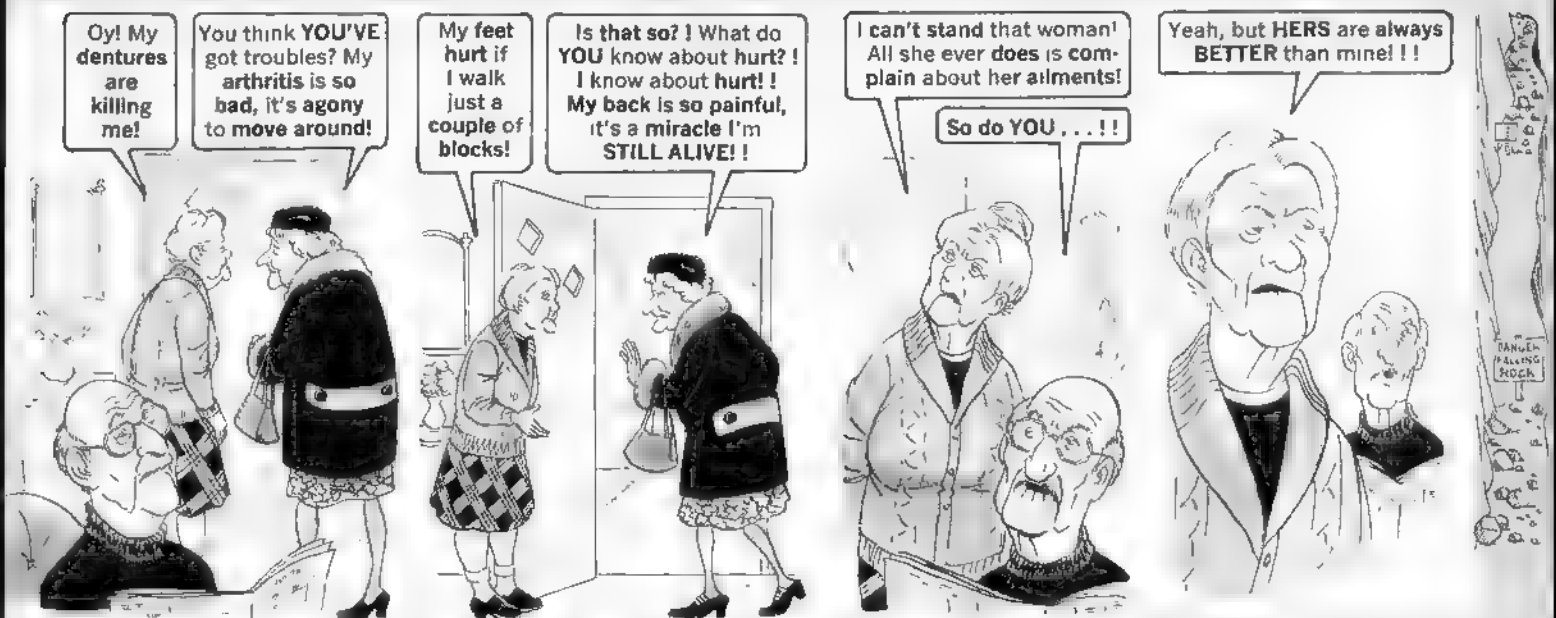
It's almost like the old days! ! We're in a PRICE WAR with the gas station across the street!
Are you kidding? ! At a time of gas shortages . . . ? ?
That makes the competition even fiercer!
So who's winning!
Right now, WE are! !
OUR prices are HIGHER! !

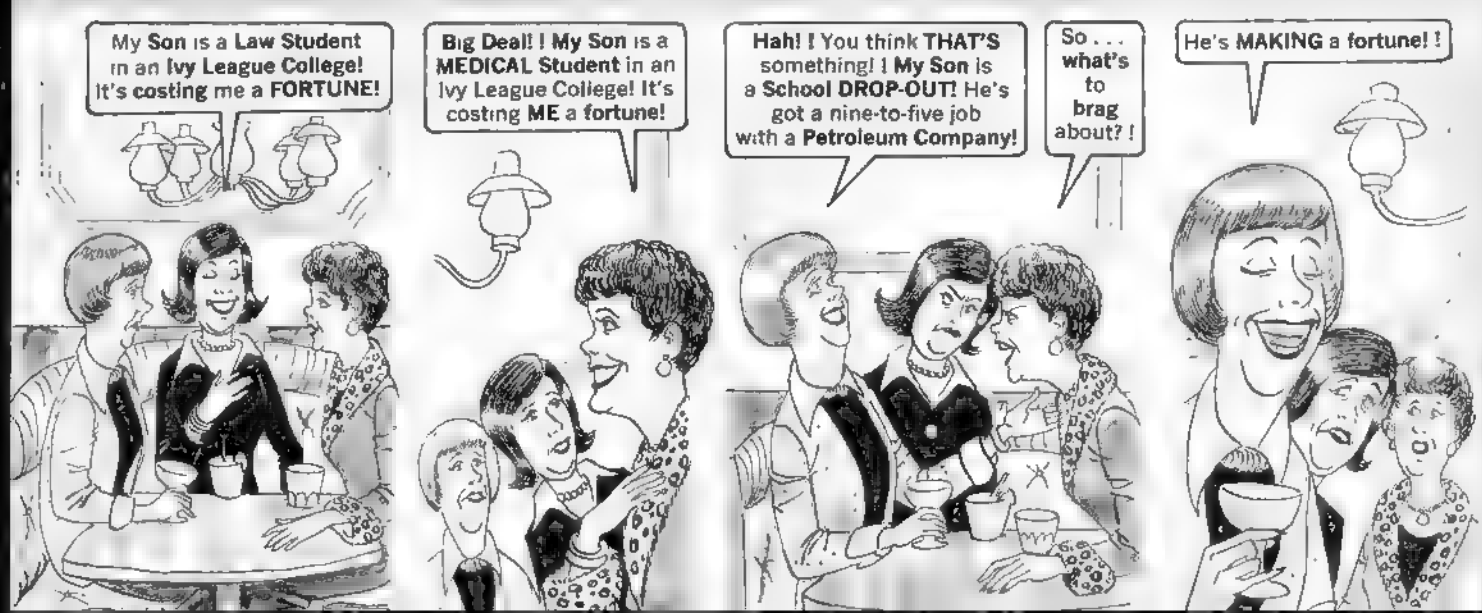
MPETITION

ARTIST & WRITER·
DAVE BERG

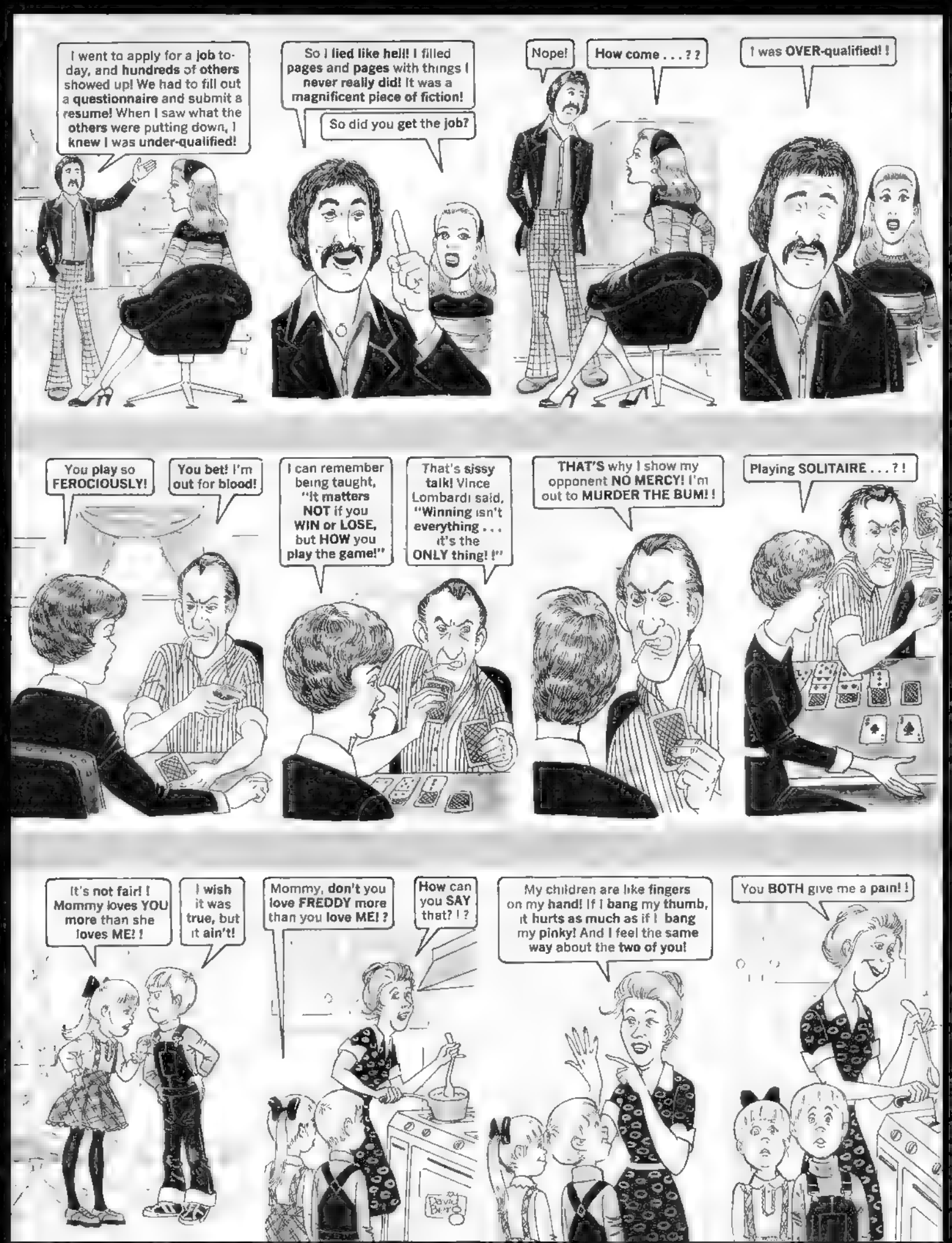

I've got a classic rivalry going on in my home! The little one and the big one are BOTH constantly competing for my attention!
The big one is the worst! He's jealous of the little one! He pulls all sorts of tricks to beat him out! He even throws temper tantrums!
I'm going out of my MIND! !
How many children do you have in your family?
Just THOSE TWO! !

My Father can lick your Father!
Oh, yeah? ! I'll make you a bet, wise guy! !
Hey, Dad! Bernard says his Father can beat the hell out of you!
He DID, did he? ! ? Well, we'll SEE about that!
Hey, Kaputnik! Your kid says you can wipe up the floor with me! Put up your dukes! !
Oh, yeah? ! I'll make you a bet, wise guy!
I'll bet you my kid is a bigger liar than your kid!


Oy! My dentures are killing me!
You think YOU'VE got troubles? My arthritis is so bad, it's agony to move around!
My feet hurt if I walk just a couple of blocks!
Is that so? ! What do YOU know about hurt? ! I know about hurt! ! My back is so painful, it's a miracle I'm STILL ALIVE! !
I can't stand that woman! All she ever does is complain about her ailments!
So do YOU . . . ! !
Yeah, but HERS are always BETTER than mine! ! !
DANGER FALLING ROCK


My Son is a Law Student in an Ivy League College! It's costing me a FORTUNE!
Big Deal! ! My Son is a MEDICAL Student in an Ivy League College! It's costing ME a fortune!
Hah! ! You think THAT'S something! ! My Son is a School DROP-OUT! He's got a nine-to-five job with a Petroleum Company!
So . . . what's to brag about? !
He's MAKING a fortune! !

Welcome to the neighborhood! I live right next door in the look-alike house! How much did you pay for yours?
I got it from the previous owner for $100,000!
Wow! That shows you what inflation will do! Twenty years ago, I only paid $27,000 for mine!
Oh boy! That hurts! I guess I paid through the nose!
I see you met our new neighbor! What do you think of him?
Not very much!
He's a poor dumb slob who lives in a CHEAP HOUSE!!
Hi, there! I'd like to welcome you to your first day on the job!
Thanks! Now, let's lay down some ground rules at the outset! I am a Militant Women's Liber! I'm getting equal pay for equal work!
Okay! That's the way it should be!
And since this is a commission job, I intend to give you plenty of competition without expecting any privileges!
Okay . . . if that's the way you want it! But you'll have to excuse me right now! I see a potential customer . . .
Hold it there, Buster!!
LADIES FIRST . . . !!
There goes Ed McGilla, the crud who SPOILS it for the REST of us!
In every test, that rat manages to come out top of the class!
How does he do it?
HE CHEATS!!
When the rest of us leave the dorm to go down to the Beer Joint and booze it up with chicks, HE sneaks back to the Administration Building!
And he steals the EXAMS?!
Worse than THAT . . . !
HE STUDIES!!


I went to apply for a job today, and hundreds of others showed up! We had to fill out a questionnaire and submit a resume! When I saw what the others were putting down, I knew I was under-qualified!
So I lied like hell! I filled pages and pages with things I never really did! It was a magnificent piece of fiction!
So did you get the job?
Nope!
How come . . . ? ?
I was OVER-qualified! !
You play so FEROCIOUSLY!
You bet! I'm out for blood!
I can remember being taught, "It matters NOT if you WIN or LOSE, but HOW you play the game!"
That's sissy talk! Vince Lombardi said, "Winning isn't everything . . . it's the ONLY thing! !"
THAT'S why I show my opponent NO MERCY! I'm out to MURDER THE BUM! !
Playing SOLITAIRE . . . ? !
It's not fair! ! Mommy loves YOU more than she loves ME! !
I wish it was true, but it ain't!
Mommy, don't you love FREDDY more than you love ME! ?
How can you SAY that? ! ?
My children are like fingers on my hand! If I bang my thumb, it hurts as much as if I bang my pinky! And I feel the same way about the two of you!
You BOTH give me a pain! !
David Berg

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

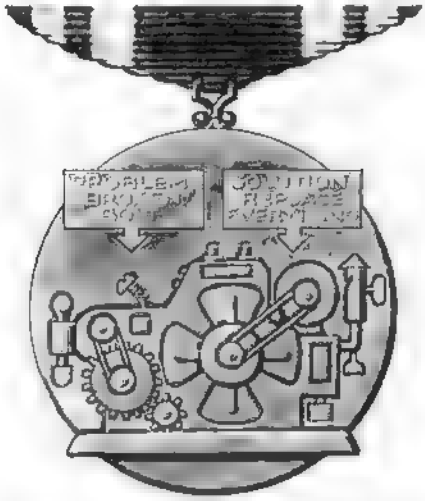
. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING WORKING PEOPLE

ARTIST & WRITER AL JAFFEE

THE JOB-EFFICIENCY MEDAL

Presented to blue collar workers who manage to remain on the job without getting fired while half asleep (on Fridays) and hung over (on Mondays), even though the quality of work produced is disgraceful and dangerous.

THE PIGGY-BACK PARTS AWARD



Goes to repairmen who courageously replace an entire mechanical system in a car or an appliance, even though only a tiny part of it is malfunctioning . . . thus protecting thousands of jobs in the "Parts Manufacturing" industries.

THE PURLOINED PAPER CLIP MEDAL

Goes to white collar workers who create fringe benefits by using company supplies and services, and by taking home anything that isn't nailed down. These are lots better than pay raises, since no taxes are collected on them.

THE SILVER TONGUE AWARD

Awarded to salespersons who bravely face suckers who come into the store for advertised bargains that do not exist, and manage to switch them into buying costlier but inferior products, thereby boosting our entire economy.

THE UNION MEDAL OF HONOR

Presented to workers who blindly respond and heroically serve on picket lines without questioning the issues, the motives or anything else involved in strike situations, just as long as it means more money in their pockets.

WHAT IS A

Between the time your parents first send you off to the Hilly Acres Summer Camp and the time your children last send you off to the Holy Acres Cemetery, you are sure to encounter a type of brash, brassy, brazen, braying braggart known as a Show-Off. Most people hate Show-Offs with the same passion that they hate tornadoes. This is because both phenomena make entirely too much noise, are filled with hot air, spin around on their own axis, always arrive without warning and never leave as soon as you wish they would.

The typical latent Show-Off will first display symptoms of his disturbance in early childhood when he can be observed committing such small, telltale acts as hanging by his heels from the school auditorium balcony, or eating crayons during the pledge to the flag, or taking off his clothes to play doctor when everyone else is playing softball, or bloodying your nose for the viewing pleasure of the new girl in class. With luck, he will cease this idiotic behavior as he matures. Without luck, he will grow up to become another Jimmy Connors.

Among those who never outgrow the scourge of Show-Offishness, specimens can be found in every color, race and creed. There are Black Show-Offs who wear garish jewelry, drive pink Continentals and habitually shout, "Hey! What's happening?" There are Latin Show-Offs who buy imitation velvet wallpaper, drive chrome-plated Chevvies and spray paint their names on public buildings. There are Indian Show-Offs who wear phony buckskin, beat on phony tom-toms and stage sit-in protests for the sole purpose of having them seen on the six o'clock news. Then, too, there are White Show-Offs. But all they do is wear garish jewelry, spray paint their names on public buildings, drive pink Continentals, stage sit-in protests and shout, "Hey! What's happening?" during such events as symphonic concerts, graveside ceremonies and High Masses conducted by the Pope.

Though modern society is tragically overburdened with Acute Flashers, Addicted Flaunters and Assorted Flakes, it's still easy to spot a true Show-Off in any crowd. He's the one who carries a bullhorn to cocktail parties so everyone in the room will have to listen to his jokes. He's the one who brings his own magazines to the doctor's waiting room so the other patients will know he reads "Gentlemen's Quarterly." And he's the one who always orders in French, even at McDonald's . . . where he's also the one who demands to see the manager because the place doesn't have an adequate wine list.

Without question, a Show-Off is a unique form of humanity. Who else would run 99 yards in the Super Bowl, and then get tackled on the one-yard line because that's where he stopped to pose for photographers? Who else would toil for years to build a profitable business just so he can do his own TV commercials? Who else would "burn rubber" to accelerate from zero-to-sixty in nine seconds when he's only driving to the corner for a quart of milk? And who else would have custom Christmas cards printed just so everyone can see how cute he looks in his Santa Claus suit?

SHOW OFF?

Show-Offs have a knack for upsetting everyone around them as they splash their way through the puddle of life. They debilitate their parents, nauseate their teachers and alienate their classmates before moving on to adulthood where they irritate their employers and infuriate their co-workers. About the only positive thing a Show-Off ever does is stimulate the economy. After all, if there were no Show-Offs in this world, then who would buy all the purple satin bowling shirts and artificial home waterfalls and iridescently painted dune buggies and strapless, backless, almost frontless evening gowns?

One thing you have to admire about a Show-Off is his dedication. Throughout his whole life, he'll do absolutely anything to make people notice him. At the age of ten, he'll risk violent nausea to be seen chewing a mouthful of his father's pipe tobacco. At 30, he'll risk total unemployment to entertain the secretaries with his impersonation of the boss's annoying sinus sniffle. At 50, he'll risk painful back injury to bend his partner into a flamboyant "dip" at the Country Club Dance. And at 80, he'll risk terminal pneumonia to get his picture in the paper going for a swim on the coldest day of the year.

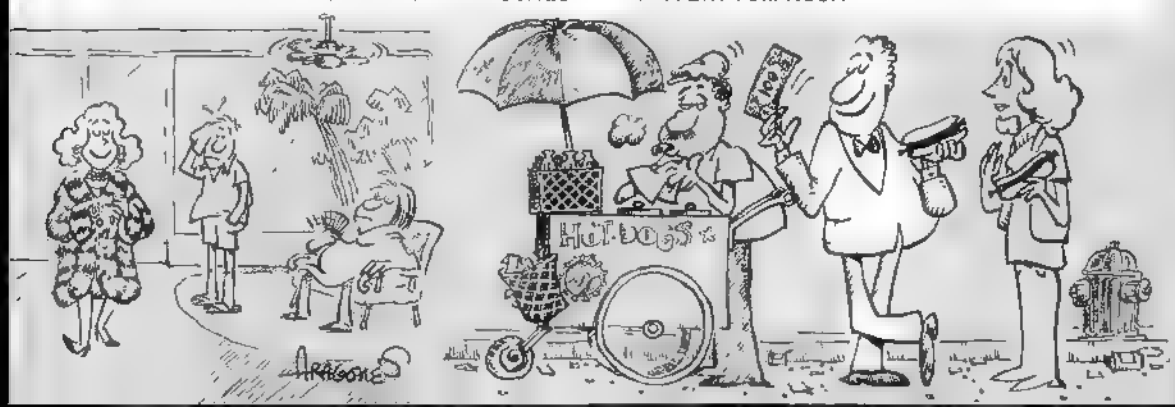
In a way, it's a pity on the incorrigible, incurable, insufferable Show-Off, for under all that swinish swagger, he often harbors positive qualities that have never been developed. Deep down inside, there may well exist the Self-Effacing Humility of Muhammad Ali, the Tranquil Introspection of Bella Abzug, the Noble Constraint of Idi Amin, the Blushing Modesty of Charro, the Unpretentious Charm of Ivan the Terrible and the Studious Reserve of Popeye the Sailor.

No doubt about it. At the core of his being, a Show-Off is much more than just another over-amplified guitar twanger modeling a wardrobe made up of discarded seat covers from a Tijuana taxi. He is also Thoughtful Consideration blowing smoke from a cheap cigar, Sound Judgment singing dirty fraternity songs at an All-Campus Convocation, Quiet Dependability doing wheelies on a stolen motorcycle, a Firm Handshake clutching a concealed joy buzzer, Somber Reflection wearing a lampshade on his head and the Face of Maturity bathed in eerie light from the glow of his own electrified bow tie.

Show-Offs rarely choose to spend their lives as bodyguards for the President or bookkeepers for the Syndicate or consultants for a Swiss bank. More often, they prefer careers as professional skywriters or televised faith healers or Marine Band drum majors. But even when a Show-Off accidentally winds up in some anonymous job like Top Secret Under-Cover Agent, he never really loses his lifelong craving to step into the spotlight. And you can bet that someday, when he's receiving blueprints in the shadow of the Berlin Wall or exchanging microfilm in the silence of the Peking Library, he will blow his cover by impulsively blurting out the familiar cry of the born Show-Off:

"HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT ME!"

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: TOM KOCH



FLEECE MARKET DEPARTMENT

Americans are bemoaning the fact that the Arabs are overcharging us for their oil, and then adding insult to injury by bringing the money back here to buy up most of desireable real estate and our most precious art treasures. So MAD asks: Why don't we do something about it? With our famed Yankee ingenuity, we should be able to con-

SURPLUS ITEMS WE CA

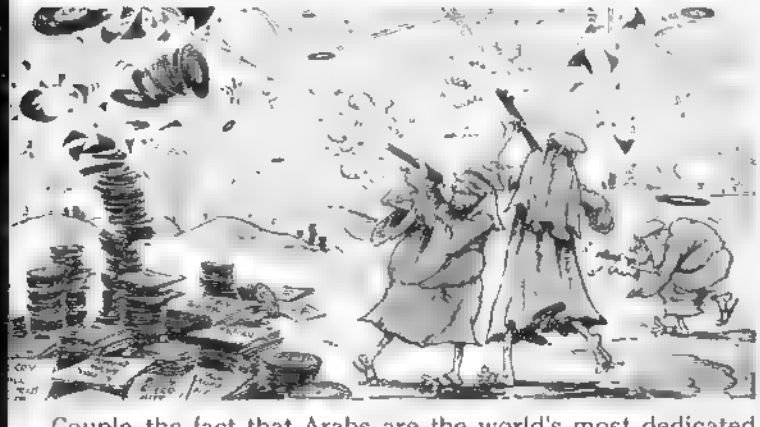
OUR SURPLUS POLYESTER LEISURE SUITS

When the Great American Leisure Suit Fad went blooey a few years ago, merchants were stuck with hundreds of thousands of unsold garments, mostly in loud colors and portly sizes (It's even possible that the New Orleans Superdome had to be built for the sole purpose of storing away left-over leisure suits that didn't fit into other warehouses!) The Arabs are natural customers for this vast accumulation . . especially since most of them are portly, but only a few of them have mirrors to see how idiodic they look in them.

OUR PERPETUAL SUPPLY OF RASPBERRY SHERBERT

Americans obviously hate raspberry sherbet, as evidenced by the fact that restaurants always have plenty left, even after they've run out of every other dessert on the menu. Meanwhile, Arabs and their camels go around with notoriously rotten dispositions because they're sweaty, thirsty and have their throats filled with hot, scratchy sand Sending them our tons of unwanted raspberry sherbet will make everyone happy, including owners of oil tankers that currently carry no cargo on their return trips to the Middle East.

"GREATEST TUNES OF THE JOHNNY MANN SINGERS"



Couple the fact that Arabs are the world's most dedicated skeet shooters with the fact that unsalable LP phonograph records make terrific clay pigeons, and a new method of bolstering the U.S. economy quickly appears. Best of all, scientists predict that we'll keep replenishing our stockpile of unsaleable records as long as we need Arab oil. It is only a suggestion that we begin this export trade with "Johnny Mann" records. We could probably do just as well with some of the less popular selections of Johnny Desmond, Tony Martin, Jerry Vale, Buddy Greco, Al Martino, Rosemary Clooney, Dorothy Collins, Julie London and Tommy Leonetti.

NORTH DAKOTA

North Dakota is a good example of the type of Real Estate we should be trying harder to palm off on Middle Eastern investors. After all, it's the only state in the U.S. that has been losing population steadily for 50 years because its residents want to get away from the cold. On the other hand, Arabs have no place to go where they can get away from the heat. Surely they would pay $10,000 an acre for a cool resort area with a nice northerly breeze. Considering the size of North Dakota, that adds up to enough cash to keep us well supplied with Arab oil for several months.

vince those Middle Eastern oil billionaires that they really ought to spend their U.S. dollars on the very items we'd love to unload. Employing this "hard sell" technique, we could soon get our money back without giving up a single thing that we'd prefer to keep. MAD shows how painlessly we could balance our trade deficit with . . .

N SELL TO THE ARABS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ. WRITER: TOM KOCH

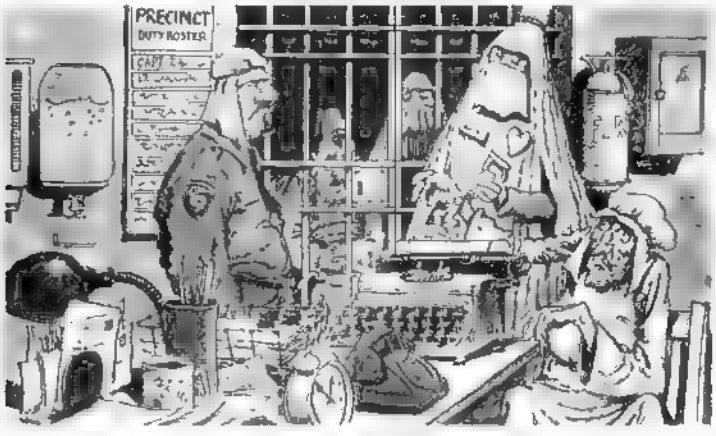
THE PHILADELPHIA '76 ERS

Most everyone in this country, including absolutely everybody in Philadelphia, is fed up with these hotshots for never learning to play together as a team. But think what a sensation they'd be in Kuwait, where nobody knows what a basketball team is supposed to do anyway. Add to this the snob appeal of having the only N.B.A. franchise east of Boston (or west of Seattle, if you're going the other way), and the result is a multi-million-dollar bargain that any oil rich Arab country would rush to grab, given the chance.

FIVE MILLION HOMELESS KITTENS

It's common knowledge among those of even marginal intelligence that the U.S. has a huge supply of unwanted kittens. But how many have considered the equally common knowledge that the whole Arab world is one gigantic mound of Kitty Litter? Surely this means that any oil rich country would willingly pay ten bucks a kitten to get its sand kicked up and rearranged as only an industrious American cat can do.

CANCELLED TV SHOWS

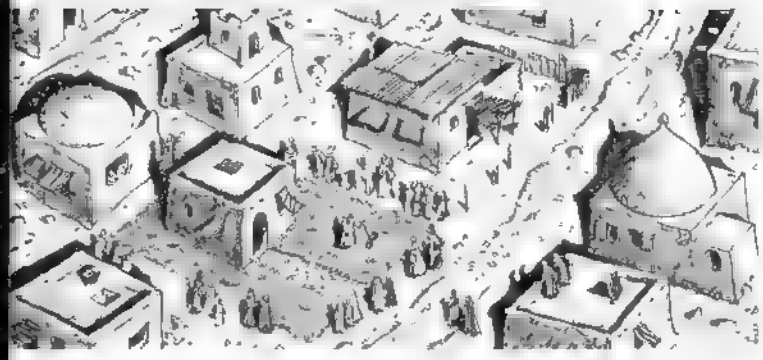


To squeeze some really big money out of cancelled American TV shows, we mustn't merely sell the Arabs our old filmed episodes to re-run. Instead, we should unload the whole works, including all the sets, props and costumes needed to produce completely new episodes in Arabic. "Baretta," "Police Woman," "Kojak," etc. seem like perfect shows for such a deal because there's no Arabian P.T.A. to complain about the effects of TV violence on children. In fact, there are indications that many Arab children are already violent, and that their parents want to keep them that way.

CHICKEN TAKE-OUT FRANCHISES

At the present time, Kentucky fried chicken restaurants are about as rare in Arabia as Arabian restaurants are in Kentucky. Clearly, this presents U.S. promoters with the opportunity to start blanketing the Middle East with their expensive franchises for foul fowl take-out joints. This might require some typical Yankee ingenuity in parts of the Arab World that have very few chickens. However, by adding just a little bit more breading to the gook that's normally slathered on each piece, a fried Arabian buzzard should look enough like a domestic chicken to fool anyone.

HARDY CRAB GRASS SEEDLINGS

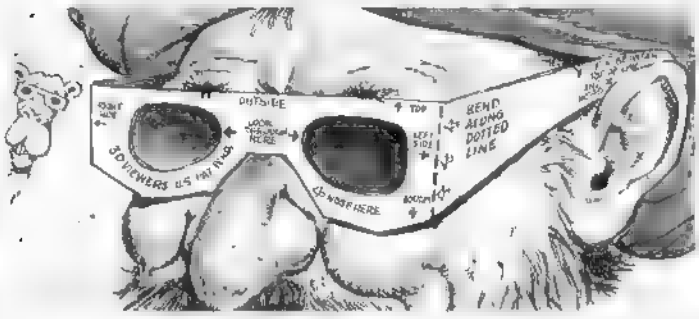


What clod could actually be conned into paying good money for crab grass? To answer that question, just check out the "lawn" in front of any Arab home located more than ten miles from the nearest water hole. Out there, owning any form of plant life that refuses to die has great snob appeal. Best of all, sales of U.S. crab grass would quickly lead to sales of U.S. lawn mowers to a part of the world where the demand for them hasn't been too brisk up to now.

SPOKANE'S WORLD'S FAIR SITE

In 1974, Spokane, Washington held one of the most unpublicized World's Fairs in history. Now that it's over, the exhibit buildings are even more vacant than they were when the Fair was open. However, the deserted site should prove irresistible to the Arabs who've never held a World's Fair of their own. Hopefully, they won't realize until it's too late that they either have to hold their Fair in Spokane, or figure out a way to move the fairgrounds over to Arabia.

OUTMODED 3-D MOVIE GLASSES



Sad to say, many Bedouin tribesmen have never owned a pair of sun glasses, even though they live in a country where eye diseases caused by glare and blowing sand are common. Equally sad to say, U.S. industry has a fortune tied up in tacky colored glasses that were made for watching the 3-D movies that flopped so horribly a few years back. Surely, it would be a lovely gesture for us to let the Arabs have those cheap glasses at a price they can afford, especially since the price they can afford is now about $25 a pair.

DEFUNCT TRADING STAMPS

It is tragic to think that four independent Persian Gulf Sheikdoms still do not have their own postage stamps, just when four U.S. Trading Stamp Companies have coincidentally gone bankrupt. It is even more tragic to think that we're too dumb to sell our worthless, left-over trading stamps to the rich Arabs who need them desperately for postage stamps. Unfortunately, any Persian Gulf resident who took the time to steam 15,000 stamps off his mail could legally bring them to this country and redeem them for a toaster, but that's a problem we can face when we come to it.

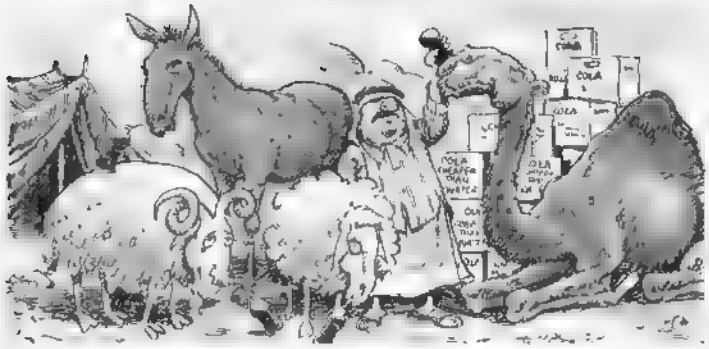
JIMMY CONNORS AND ILIE NASTASE

No team representing a Middle Eastern country has ever won a Davis Cup. Presumably, this means that the Arabs would take any sort of desperate measure to win one, including the costly rental or outright purchase of Jimmy Connors and Ilie Nastase. True, Ilie Nastase is not really ours to sell, since he's technically a Roumanian . . . but let's face it: if we can find a way to get rid of him and Jimmy Connors for keeps, who's going to lift a finger to stop us?

BANKRUPT STOCKBROKERS' EQUIPMENT

During the last stock market debacle, many U.S. brokerage houses went out of business. Presumably, their electronic price quoting machines were all stored in closets and are now considered to be worthless. However, with rich Arabs owning more stocks in American companies than Americans do, they need these quote machines to follow their investments. Eventually, this could also lead to the sale of upper story office windows to desert tribesmen who presently lack high places to jump from when the next stock market crash occurs.

CYCLAMATE COLA



Soft drinks containing cyclamates were pulled off shelves in the U.S. after doctors reported that they caused cancer in rats. Fortunately for our new Middle Eastern export business, these doctors didn't offer one shred of proof that cyclamates cause cancer in camels, sheep, goats or donkeys. Since these are the only forms of animal life known to exist in Arabia, there's no medical or moral reason why we shouldn't ship them our surplus supply of cyclamate cola.

MERV GRIFFIN

Merv's slyly snickered "naughty jokes" would probably be considered sensational material in those parts of the Arab World where women still wear sacks over their heads when they go out in public. To assure Merv of being a hit over there, it might be better to sell him as part of a multi-million-dollar package deal that would also include Robert Goulet, the Lennon Sisters and Paul Anka. For the good of our country, we would have to learn to live without them.

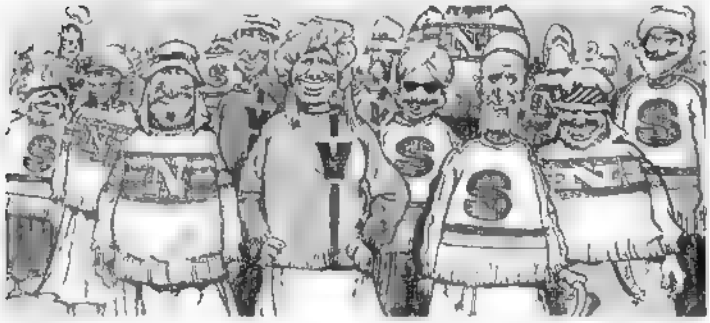
INCOMPETENT TV WEATHERMEN

For years, these dimwits have garbled up weather forecasts on every TV News show from one end of America to the other. As a result, we alternate between wearing our galoshes when it's fair and getting drenched when an unpredicted hurricane strikes. Obviously, these jerks would do less damage if we exported them all to Arabia, where the weather has been the same every day for the past century. Just teach them to say, "Fair . . . and continued hot!" in Arabic, and they'll be adequately prepared for their new assignments.

EGG TIMER GLASS

Although the Arabs haven't realized it yet, oil is not the only natural resource they have that's ripe for worldwide exploitation. They also have sand. As those of us in more technologically advanced countries know, sand is the ideal substance for filling egg timers. But, without U.S. glass to hold the sand, the Arabs have a rather slim chance of cornering the world egg timer market. So it doesn't take a genius to see that this one item alone could help balance our entire trade deficit with the oil producing countries.

SHAMEFUL FOOTBALL LETTER SWEATERS



It's traditional for American Universities to present letter sweaters to members of their varsity football squads. It's equally traditional for athletes who play at schools with crummy teams to hide their sweaters away, and seldom wear them in public. This seems like a terrible waste . . . especially since the potential Arab buyers of these letter sweaters need never know that such initials as "N" and "V" and "S" actually stand for such shameful and embarrassing words as "Northwestern" and "Vanderbilt" and "Syracuse."

DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREES

Most Americans assume that nothing presents a more unpleasant sight than those old dried-out Christmas trees that we throw out right after the holidays. However, we never stop to think that Arabs living in the desert don't even know what a healthy tree is supposed to look like. Upshot: We miss a great chance to sell millions of dead trees every January, and the Arabs miss a great chance to stick them all in the ground and create their first National Forest.

A ROLLING STALLONE GATHERS MORE GROSS DEPT.

Remember not too long ago when rotten people were the heroes of American movies? Amoral guys like motorcycle riders and fat, boozy, middle-aged guys who gunned down teenagers? Then, a few years back, along came a Boxer named "Rocky," and everything changed! Suddenly, as in the glorious films of the past, the average movie-goer found things in "Rocky" that he could *really identify* with: decency, honesty, stupidity! Anyway, the picture made over 50 million dollars, and suddenly the studio found something *it* could identify with: greed! So it made a sequel! Well, we did our version of the original movie in MAD #194 . . . and being just as greedy, we've made a sequel version of the sequel. Get ready for . . .

ROC

How come I get the feeling that I've seen this fight before?!?

That's because you HAVE seen it before, stupid! It's the last scene of the original movie! It's used to introduce the sequel!

You can DO it, Rockhead! You're gonna be CHAMP!!

YOU'RE cheering for a guy who lost a fight we already saw . . . and I'M stupid??

Hey . . . look at Rockhead! He's got a dumb, glassy look on his face! How long can he go on like this?!

Probably another 50 years! He looked like that BEFORE the fight started!

Isn't this absolutely incredible?! Rockhead is STILL ON HIS FEET!!

Yeah!! NOBODY stays up THIS LATE in Philadelphia!

Hey, you're doin' great, Rockhead! But . . say d' woid an' I'll stop the fight!

It's really fantastic! A poor unknown bum, almost going the distance with the Champ!

He don't look so poor to me!

Well, look again! His Trainer is about to throw in a PAPER TOWEL!!

I LOVE you, Rockhead! I LOVE you!

Hey, who's that?

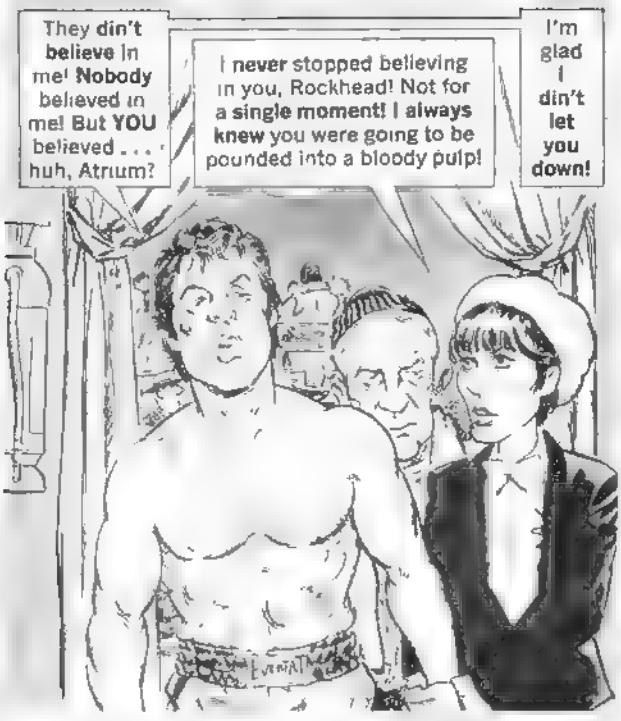
It's Atrium, his girlfriend! It's the old story all over again: "Beauty and the Beast"!

Ahh, she don't look THAT bad!

You call this a FIGHT? It's DISGUSTING!! STOP it!! It's too VIOLENT! Too BRUTAL!! Too BLOODY!!

Shaddup, you lousy Pinko! It's people like you who wanna destroy the American Way of Life!

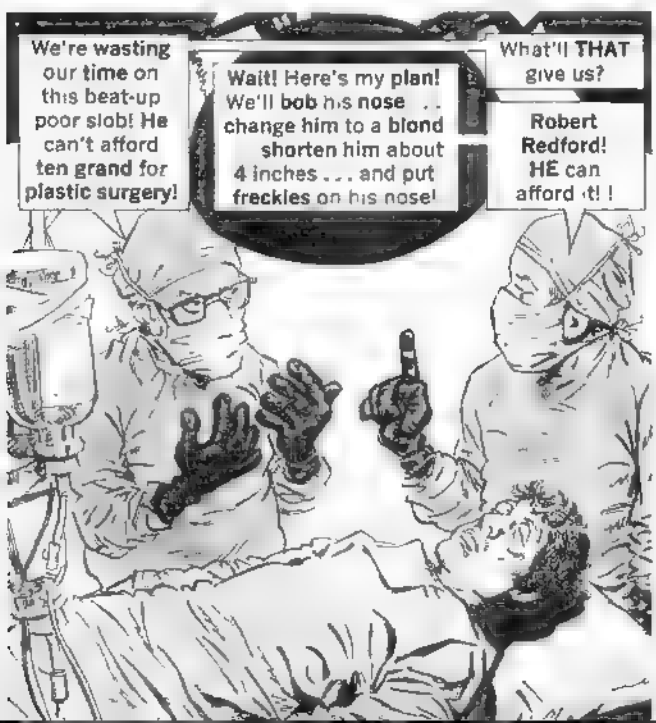
KHEAD II

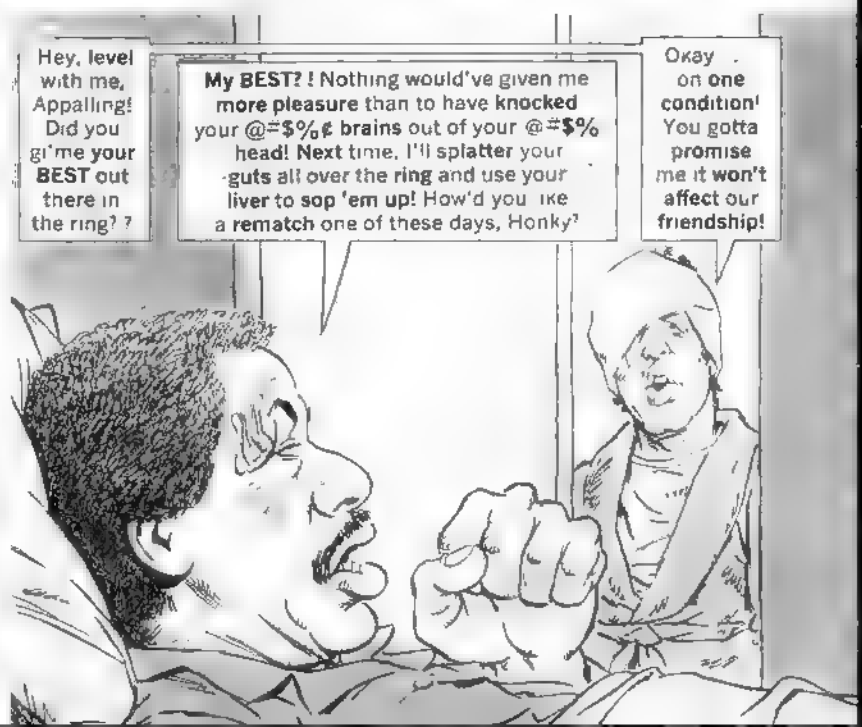

They din't believe in me! Nobody believed in me! But YOU believed . . . huh, Atrium?
I never stopped believing in you, Rockhead! Not for a single moment! I always knew you were going to be pounded into a bloody pulp!
I'm glad I din't let you down!

ARTIST ANGELO TORRES

I bet I look disgusting! I bet the sight of my face an' ears makes you sick . . . right?
Look . . . when you love somebody, you love a WHOLE PERSON! The last thing I think about is your face and your ears! Now, stop being so sensitive! When you're feeling better, I'm going to cook you a nice homemade meal!
Like what? ?
How about some chopped meat and cauliflower —Whoops! !

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


We're wasting our time on this beat-up poor slob! He can't afford ten grand for plastic surgery!
Wait! Here's my plan! We'll bob his nose . . . change him to a blond shorten him about 4 inches . . . and put freckles on his nose!
What'll THAT give us?
Robert Redford! HE can afford it! !


Hey, level with me, Appalling! Did you give me your BEST out there in the ring? ?
My BEST? ! Nothing would've given me more pleasure than to have knocked your @=$%¢ brains out of your @=$% head! Next time, I'll splatter your guts all over the ring and use your liver to sop 'em up! How'd you like a rematch one of these days, Honky?
Okay . . . on one condition! You gotta promise me it won't affect our friendship!

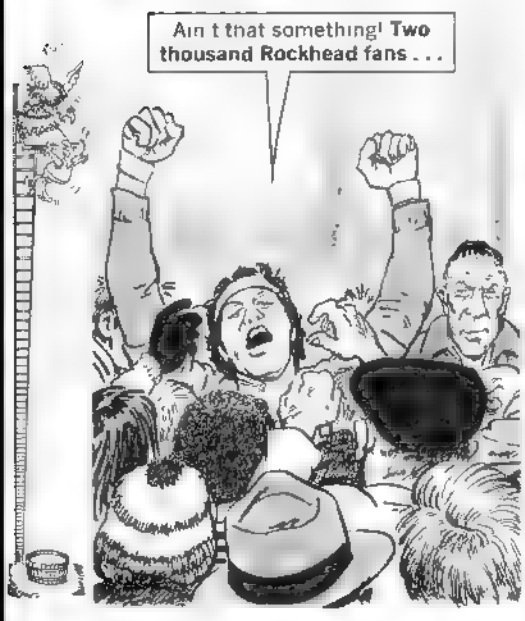
Atr um, I—I don't express myself too good! But right now, as I walk with you, I got like a burning feeling deep in my heart, and I'm all mixed up inside! Could you . . . ? Would you—
Oh, Rockhead, you poor silly fool! Of course I'll marry you!
Actually, I just wanted to borrow a "Rolaid"! But, well, okay . . .
. . . I now pronounce you "Man and Wife"! You may kiss the bride . . .
I know I ain't been too smart, but I'm improving, right? I didn't get lost on the way to the Church, and I remembered the ring, right! So—Hey, when do you think you're gonna get rid of this terrible skin condition you suddenly came down with?
As soon as you lift my veil! !
Darn! An' I was doin' so well there for a while!
Honey, now that we're married, what's the very first thing you want me to do with my fight money . . . ?
A CAR might not be a bad idea!
JUST MARRIED
Wow! A new car—house—clothes! I keep forgetting I'm married to Rockhead Balbobo! !
Hey, baby, it's our first wedding anniversary! Let's celebrate! Wha'd'ya say you put on your mink coat, and then we feed the goldfish and take out the garbage? ?
But NOW I remember! !
Darling . . I got news! Soon, there's going to be the patter of little feet around the house!
You mean we—we're gonna have a baby?
No . Shortly Muldoon, from the Finance Company, is coming around to repossess the car!
Okay! Okay! I can take a hint! I'll get a job! !
"HE-MAN AFTER SHAVE" commercial! Take Twenty-Seven . . . ! "ACTION! !
Hi-there-I-always use-He Man-After-Shave-Lotion It makes-me-smell-hell . I mean—swell-well . . . I mean—smell-swell!
CUT!
I thought I told you to fire him! !
I tried! But how do you tell a guy he's not bright enough to play a CAVEMAN! ?
Look, Balbobo . . . I'm sorry . . but it's not working out! You can't seem to read those "Rockhead Cards"! !
I thought that, in TV, they were called "Idiot Cards"!
Well, they've just been re-named!
Oh . . . THAT's how you tell him! !

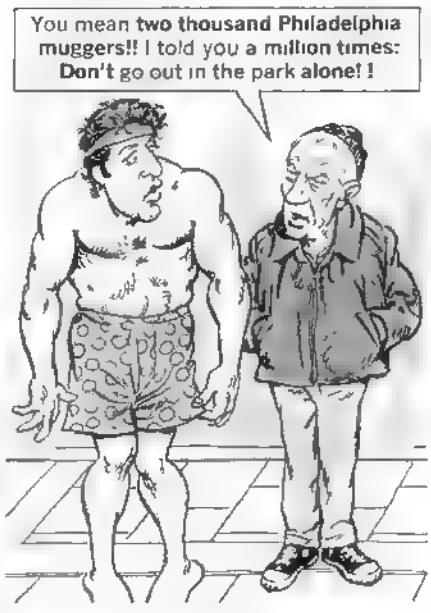
Hey, look! I really need this job bad! Forget my educational background!
I don't know! A KINDERGARTEN Drop-Out . . . ? ! ? What makes you think you can sell "Rockheads"?
I--I thought them things were called "Dumbbells"!
They've just been re-named!
You gotta get me a job, Greaso! I'll do anything! I'll run the numbers, I'll book the horses I'll even push "Rockhead"!
I thought it's called "Dope"!
I got a feel-ing it's gonna be re-named!
You CAN'T box again! Don't you remember what the Doctor said? ! ?
Sure! That'l be $10,000, please!
No. BEFORE that! He said one more fight and you could go blind—
I NEVER heard him say that! !
Also deaf!
Atrium's right! It's your eyes! Forget fighting. Look, I'm sure I can get you a great job around here, cleaning toilets an' stuff!
Me? Rockhead Balbobo . . cleaning toilets? ! That's ridiculous! My eyes are great! I can see perfect! Come on, Nicky . . . train me for another fight! !
I ain't Nicky! I'm Bawly, your Brother-in-Law!
Just the man I'm lookin' for! Can you get me some Tidy Bowl, and a Johnny Mop? ?
How do you like the way I been cleaning the toilets, Nicky . . . ?
Terrific, Rockhead! I And NOBODY can empty a bucket of spit like you! ! Listen, I got great news for you! I'm g vin' you a promotion!
To what? ?
Tomorrow, I'm movin' you up to PUKE! !
Happy with your new job, Honey . . . ?
It's real nice! But late y, the Champ has been buggin' me about a re-match! Nothin' big, just sneaky little things! Yoo know, a hint here, a hint there . . . Wait! Here he is on TV now!
And now, here is a paid announcement from Appalling Greed, the distin-guished Heavyweight Champion of the World, directed at Rockhead Balbobo!
Fraidy cat! Fraidy cat! Gonna break your Mother's back!
Shame-shame Shame shame! Everybody knows your name!
Inka-dink! A bottle of ink! I'm Champ 'cause you stink!
Rockhead is a sissy! Rock-head is a sissy! Nyah, nyah! BRRRRFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTT!

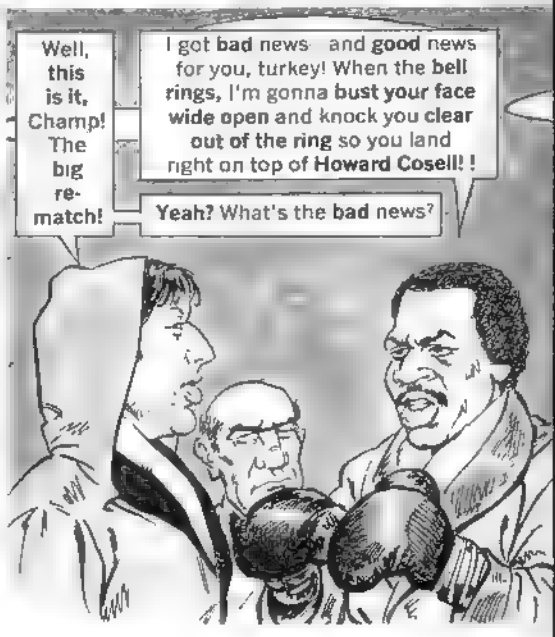
See? Sneaky little things like that! I just gotta fight him again! I just gotta!!
Fighting! That's all you ever think about! you haven't thought of ME in weeks! What kind of marriage IS this?! FORGET about boxing!!
Are you asking me to STOP being a MAN?!
I'm asking you to START be ng one!
Not tonight! I've got a headache!
YOU!!
We gotta build up your stamina! If you can catch a chicken, then you'll be in terrific shape!
Pant-pant . . C'mon, Nicky, gi'me a break! Cough . . . gasp . . . Can't we start off with something EASIER?!?
Like what??
Like a turtle, maybe?!
Rockhead, guess what!?! There's gonna be a little visitor running around your house any minute now!
Tell Shorty Muldoon he ALREADY TOOK my car!
No, Dummy! Atrium is HAVING THE BABY!!
No kiddin'?! Oh, boy . . . I gotta get over to the hospital right away!
What is it?! What's wrong with her, Doc??
Ever since the baby was born, she's been in a coma! Her brain is functioning on a very low level, and she doesn't know what's going on around her!
Does this mean she's gonna die?!
No, people can live like that indefinitely! YOU'VE been doing it for over 30 years!
My Sister's been like this for days! We have to DO something! I got it!! Why don't you READ to her! Maybe that'll inspire her to wake up . . .
Good idea! Here goes!
"I am going to school," said Dickie Dare. On the way he met a cow! "Moo, moo," said the cow . . .
"I am going to school," said Dickie Dare. On the way he met a duck! "Quack, quack," said the duck! "I am going to school," said Dickie Dare . . .
On the way, he met a . . .
Rockhead! It worked! It worked!! Look, she's up! She snapped out of it! She opened her eyes!!
Be with you in a minute! Just le'me see what happens with the horsie!
DICKIE DARE

I'm so glad you're okay, Honey! Is there anything I can do for you?
There's one thing you MUST do if there's ANY future for us at all!
ANYTHING! I'll cancel the match! ! I'll give up boxing!
No, no . . . boxing is OKAY! Promise me you'll give up READING!

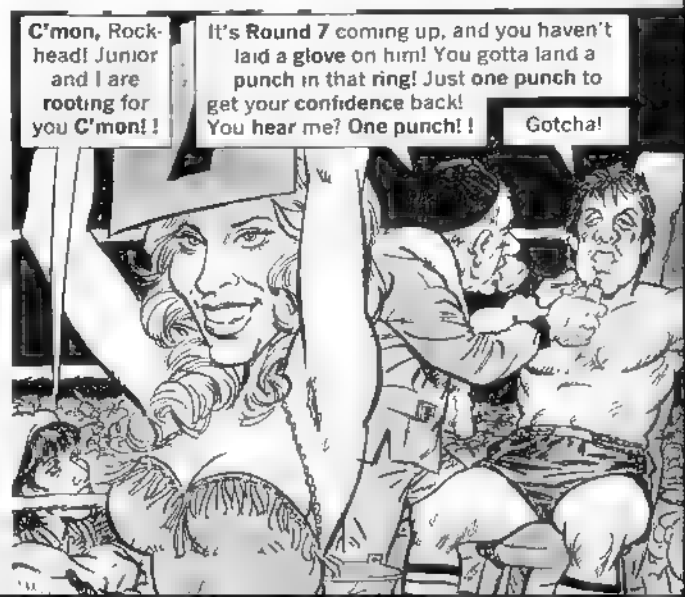
GOTTA RUN, NOW... LIKE ROCKHEAD ONE, NOW...


Ain't that something! Two thousand Rockhead fans . . .

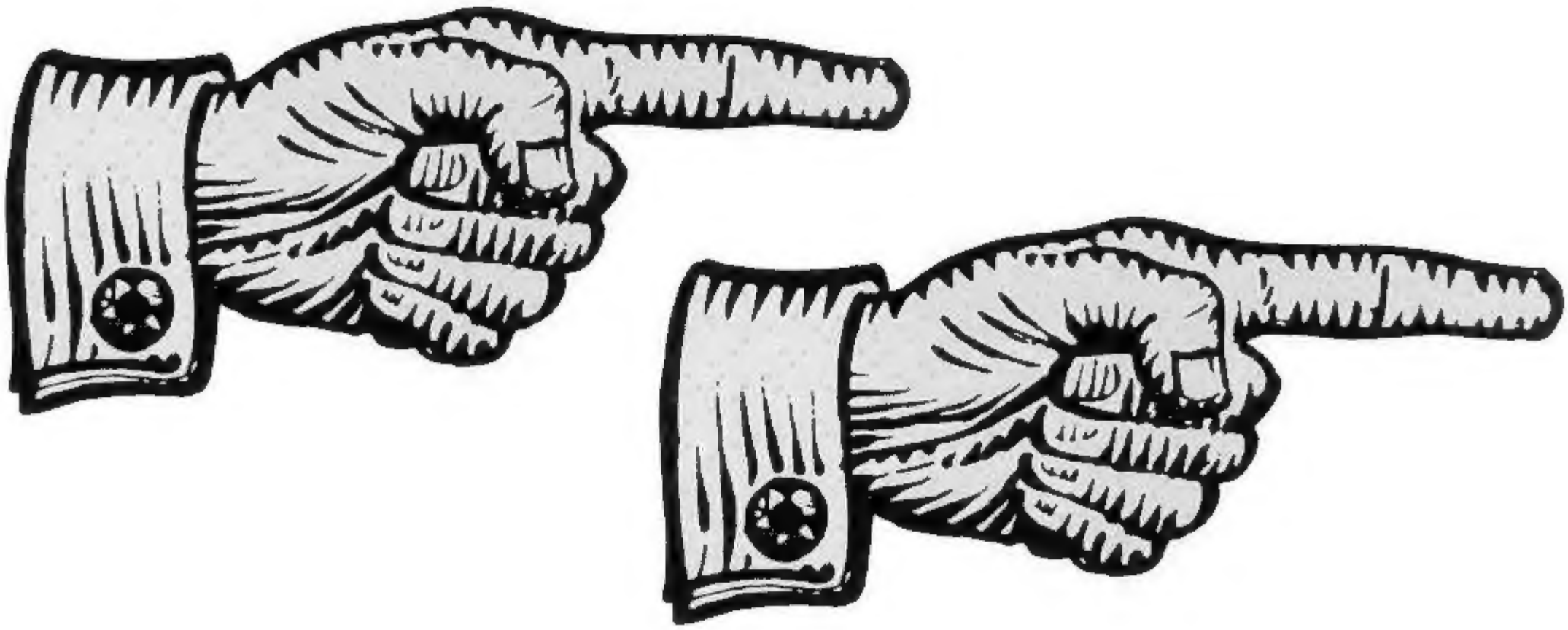

You mean two thousand Philadelphia muggers!! I told you a million times: Don't go out in the park alone! !


Well, this is it, Champ! The big re-match!
I got bad news and good news for you, turkey! When the bell rings, I'm gonna bust your face wide open and knock you clear out of the ring so you land right on top of Howard Cosell! !
Yeah? What's the bad news?

ROUND 1
ROUND 2
ROUND 3
ROUND 4
ROUND 5
ROUND


C'mon, Rockhead! Junior and I are rooting for you C'mon! !
It's Round 7 coming up, and you haven't laid a glove on him! You gotta land a punch in that ring! Just one punch to get your confidence back! You hear me? One punch! !
Gotcha!

Well, it ain't much but it's a start! !
Now do that to the Champ! !
ROUND 7
Is there a DOCTOR in the house? ?
I'M a Doctor! Is anybody sick? ?
No, I wanna ask you a question, Doc! If real boxers ever landed real haymakers and uppercuts on the jaws of Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey in their prime like they do in these movie fights, how LONG would those guys have LASTED in the ring, would you say?
I figure about eleven seconds each! !
They're BOTH DOWN! ! Whoever gets up first is the WINNER! !
Come on, Rockhead!
Get up, Champ!
. . . seven . . .
. . . eight . .
It's too late! NEITHER one of them is gonna make it! !
. . nine . .
. . te—
ROCKHEAD MADE IT! He's THE WINNER! !
How'd you do it, Rockhead? How did you get to your feet before the Champ? ?
Sheer courage, grim determination . . . and mainly, I sat on Junior's DIAPER PIN! !
Well . . that's it! After I do "Rockhead III", I'm hanging up my gloves and my movie career for good! !
You mean that's going to be the end of the "Rockhead" saga forever?
Are you kidding? Why it's practically just beginning! !
Take a look at "ROCKHEAD IV . . V . . and VI . . ! ! !



Nothing to see here!

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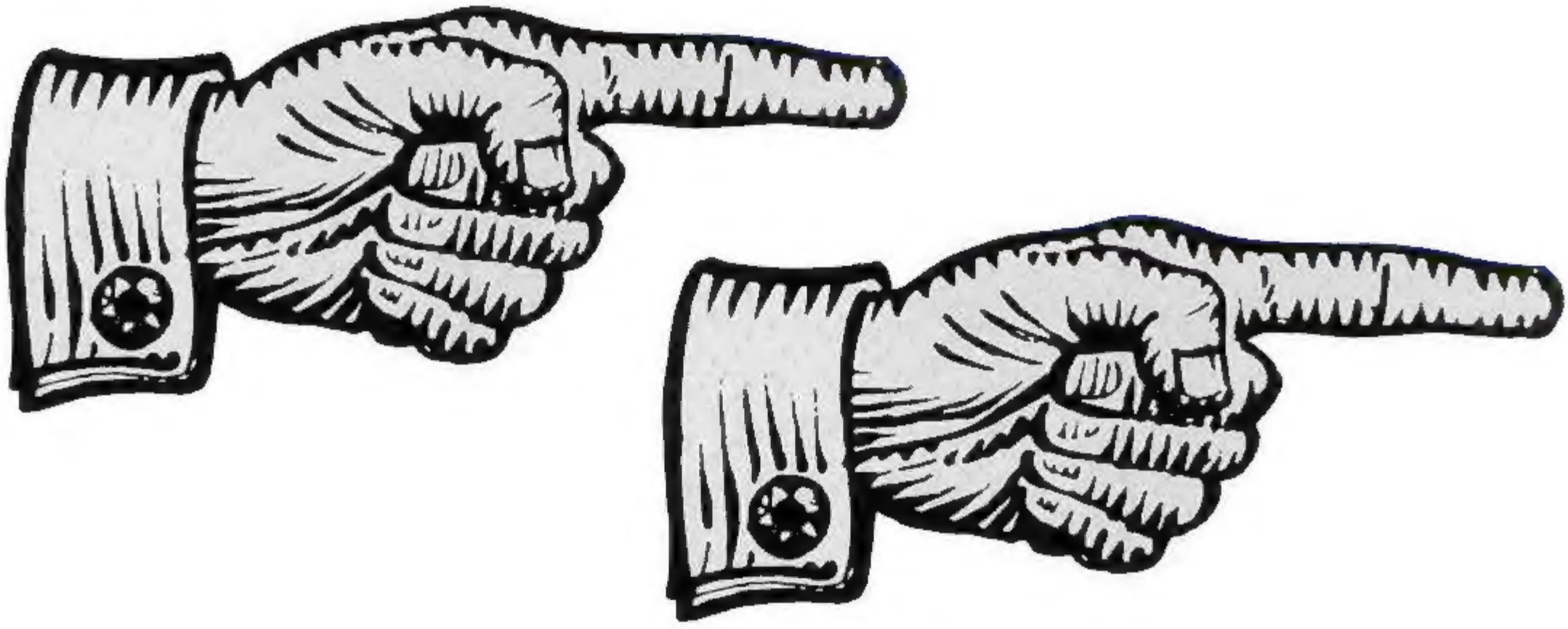


WHAT BIG DISASTER HAS OCCURRED ON THIS PAGE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, we hear of some new threat to our way of life. But on this page, a really big disaster has taken place. To find out what it is, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A► FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

NUCLEAR SCARES ARE WITH US . . . AND WE ALL HAVE TO FACE IT. ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE BUSY HOLDING MEETINGS SO THEY CAN QUICKLY PINPOINT AND IDENTIFY ANY POSSIBLE THREAT TO THEIR LIVING AREA!

A► ◄B

WHAT BIG DISASTER HAS OCCURRED ON THIS PAGE?

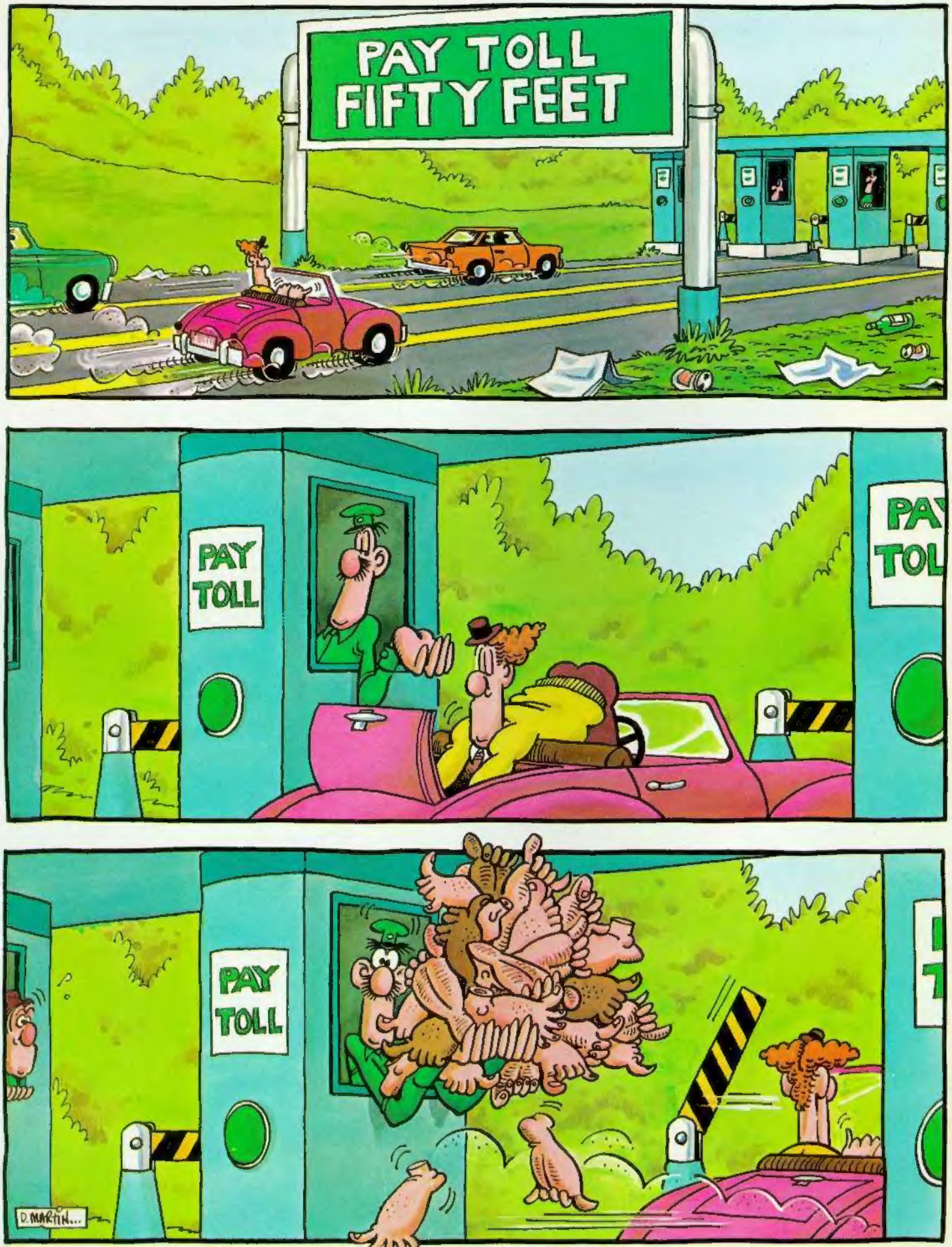
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►◄B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

NO FOLD-IN IDEA!

A►◄B



ARTIST: DON MARTIN WRITER: DON EDWING